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A FEW MORE DAYS ONLY! See Page 14.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 657. | SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1919. | TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

PEACE!

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Can you doubt the efficacy of CURICONES with such evidence as this? If you suffer from any Gouty or Rheumatic trouble, give CURICONES a trial—do as Mrs. Watt did and get well. Picture yourself without pain or stiffness and able to enjoy life once more. Don't delay—waiting won't cure you.

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will give you such a grip of the Keyboard and ease in reading ordinary music, that you will play with spirit and feeling, Songs, Marches, Dances, Hymns, and many of the famous Classical Gems.

I guarantee success to any average person.

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HOW TO MAKE THE REAL OLD-FASHIONED COUGH SYRUP WITHOUT SUGAR.

A HINT WORTH REMEMBERING.

Every mother will admit that there is nothing equal to the good, old-fashioned cough syrups that used to be made at home; but, unfortunately, it is now almost impossible to obtain the sugar or candy or honey necessary to prepare these syrups. This does not mean that the little ones, or the grown-ups either, must go without cough syrups or be put off with some inferior preparation containing harmful drugs, for it is well known amongst pharmacists and medical men that concentrated Bitrate of Tar produces a cough syrup which fulfils every requirement of both children and adults. It is pleasant to taste, healing, soothing, and wonderfully effective in cases of coughs or colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., yet it is made in a few seconds, for it is only necessary to add half-a-pint of hot water to 3 ozs. of Bitrate of Tar and the syrup is ready for use. No sugar or any other ingredient is required—simply a 3 oz. bottle of Bitrate of Tar, which can be obtained from the chemist for 3s., and hot water, and you have a cough syrup equally as good, if not better, than anything you can buy ready made. You know it is pure and wholesome, and you will find it instantly relieves and quickly cures the most troublesome cough or cold.

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 657. **Week ending Saturday, January 4th, 1919.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The New Year.

If we could not conscientiously wish you a "Merry" Christmas, we can, and do, extend our heartiest wishes for a Happy New Year. May it heal the wounds of Sacrifice, dry the tears of Grief, and usher in the era of Everlasting Peace.

A Peaceful Christmas.

If Christmas was not exactly merry, it was at least peaceful—a fact due to a large extent to the absence of any newspapers on both Christmas and Boxing Day. You see, we had taken the precaution of publishing in advance.

An Excellent Suggestion.

A sailor voter, who has seen something of the Proxy muddle, suggests that in all constituencies where less than half the electorate is polled, there should be a fresh election in six months' time. Not a bad notion, Jack.

Mr. Asquith.

The defeat of the ex-Premier denotes the passing of a great Parliamentary personality, but, as we have said elsewhere, Parliamentary prowess must give way to National and Imperial interests. For ourselves, we have long thought that Mr. Asquith's proper place is on the Woolsack, but *that* would make him a member of the Coalition Government—which, we presume, is a fatal objection.

The Rout.

The public instinct is a wonderful thing. In one sweep the country has got rid of a whole group of smug and self-sufficient politicians who, but for the despotism of the Party machine, would never have been heard of in public life. In this category we place Messrs. Runciman, McKenna and Herbert Samuel—each of whom two years ago honestly considered himself indispensable to the salvation of the British Empire. Now they know.

The "Nasties."

Again, we have got rid of some of the nastiest of our M.P.s. Philip Snowden and Charles Roberts were, perhaps, the most representative Members of this type. Never did a smile illuminate their sour countenances, and their absence will make the House a more congenial place.

A Melancholy Member.

And, thank goodness, Parliament has at last said good-bye to the melancholy mugwump, John Dillon—who, since the death of Mr Redmond, has been masquerading as the spokesman of Ireland. What on earth the future of that distressful country is to be is at the moment in the lap of the gods, but if it remains there long there will be serious trouble.

Our Black List.

As will have been observed from the election returns, we practically swept the board with our Black List of candidates. "If you see it in JOHN BULL—"!

Ramsay's Revelation.

Thus spake Ramsay Macdonald, in May, 1915: "The German spirit is pacific and idealistic"! Now he knows that the spirit of Leicester is warlike and practical.

Two of the Best.

Two of the most interesting London Elections were those of Col. Grant Morden, for Chiswick, and Col Sir J. Norton Griffiths—"Empire Jack"—for Wandsworth Central. In both these cases strength of personality and sincerity of purpose overcame all factious opposition, and brought to the House two eminently desirable members.

Our Learned Friend.

We recently addressed a "Candid Communication" to Mr. Rigby Swift, K.C., commenting upon his colossal ignorance of affairs in referring to JOHN BULL—"which he believed was either a weekly or a monthly journal." We suggested that his constituents should enquire into the remarkable state of mind of its then member—which they have apparently done, by electing someone in his place.

That Indemnity.

It is pointed out to us that, in order to get over the Prime Minister's objection to dumping as one of the means open to Germany of paying the Indemnity, she might send us huge quantities of timber from the Black Forest. The material would be most useful for rebuilding purposes, and would not seriously clash with any British industry.

More Parson's Praise.

Thus the Rev. Frank James, of Camberwell: "Let us speak the truth and shame the Devil. JOHN BULL has done his bit and earned our thanks. No other paper that we know of has been so courageous and spoken out so boldly against the wrongs which have been inflicted upon our soldiers." We feel no shame.

Demobilisation and the "Unskilled."

Isn't it a fact that many of the 1914 men who broke down under stress of training, or were incapacitated by wounds or illness from combatant service, but have been doing splendid clerical, telephone, and other work, are classed in the Demobilisation Schedule as "unskilled," and are being retained on that ground? This will not do at all.

Watch Wilson.

We have said it before; and we say it again. We are far from happy about that "complete agreement of view between the Allies."

Armenia.

In any Peace Terms it must be the sacred duty of the Allies to rescue Armenia from every vestige of Turkish domination.

Meanness Towards Officers.

The latest Army Orders regulating the gratuities to be paid to officers is a fine specimen of contemptible meanness, especially towards those not of the Regulars. It must be amended

The "O.B.E."

We recently asked for a new interpretation of this Order; so far, we award the prize to a reader who sends us the following:—"*Once Boys Everything.*" But why confine it to the Boys?

The King's Pardon.

We presume that on the signing of Peace there will be an amnesty for prisoners, and we suggest that it should, as a matter of course, be extended to all offenders under the age of 21 who have since served in the Army.

The Embassy Scandal.

We are still awaiting a disclaimer from Lady Susan Townley, wife of the British Ambassador at the Hague, of the report that she was a member of the reception party on the arrival of the Kaiser at Amerongen. We cannot allow this matter to be shelved.

Our Parliamentary Bureau.

This idea has thoroughly caught on. As soon as the House meets it is our intention to give a weekly page to the Editor's work in Parliament, indicating the manner in which he will be adding the Parliamentary punch to the power of the Press in compelling the redress of public grievances.

A Stirring Poem.

During our South Hackney fight we were immensely helped by the recitation of a fine war poem by its author, Mr. Leo Stormont. It is entitled "Remember," and everyone should learn it. Write for a copy to 60, St. George's Road, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Racing Notes.

We direct attention to the revival of this once popular feature of our journal

Sobs for Conchies.

What is the reason so many girl typists and clerks (some of them with brothers who have been killed or wounded) are getting up petitions for the release of "Conchies"? Why do they want these poltroons to get out and collar jobs before our soldiers are demobilised? Funny, isn't it?

A Nod to the Blind Horse.

A reader makes the excellent suggestion that the Government should allow the wives of soldiers to buy the surplus Army blankets at a reasonable price. It is a great idea. It would be fine if sailors and soldiers and their dependents were allowed first cut at the surplus Army stores of all sorts. Why should we repeat the scandal of so many previous wars, and allow contractors to make a second fortune out of the country?

No Poor Man's Sport.

A Whalley collier writes to us complaining that the poor man has no sport. He is in the pits and workshops all the week, yet, though he has, in many cases, "done his bit across the seas," he has "not been allowed to shoot a pigeon since the beginning of the war." The illustrated papers "have photos of the upper classes shooting day after day." So bad, so sad; but when our Whalley friend goes on to say, "We working men have been trodden down during the war without a murmur, but——," this is most respectfully to say that we *don't* think.

A Housing Deadlock.

In the Farnborough and Aldershot districts as much as £5 has lately been offered as "key-money" for vacant houses; yet the employees of the Royal Aircraft Establishment are being turned out of their homes to make room for the military, no alternative accommodation being offered—for the very good reason that none can be found. Unless this official muddle is cleared up at once, an intolerable situation will be created, and we notice that, just by way of extra encouragement, the R.A.E. workers were given a week's holiday at Christmas, without pay. Who is playing the fool?

Mystery of Meat.

Long ago we ventured the suggestion that the British public—thanks to the world-wide Beef Trust, the British farmer, and the British Government—have been considerably codded about their meat. There is ample reason to believe that the Government is now so stuffed with meat in storage that they dare not let go, rotten as is a lot of it, for fear of banging the prices and busting the investment. Belgium is said to be getting a lot of the old wet and niffy joints for its Sunday dinner. In this country we have had enough of 'em, and the day is overdue when the meat coupon should be cast into the fiery furnace.

Justice to Russia.

In words that have echoed around the world, President Wilson has told us that our attitude towards Russia will be the "acid test" of our goodwill. On similar lines a Russian correspondent appeals to us on behalf of his distracted country. He estimates that, when all is said, two-and-a-quarter million Russian lives have been offered up on the altars of freedom, and asks, "Will the Allies forsake Russia?" Surely there can be but one answer. We can make no truce with anarchy, which is liberty's worst foe, but at the hands of the victorious Allies, Russia will receive justice, which is all ask for ourselves.

Rowsing the Tenby Food Control.

We are glad to see that the Tenby Food Control Committee are agreeing with our paragraph about the discharged soldier who wanted to open a hairdressing establishment. We are also glad to learn that *now* Mr. Rowse will be able to open his shop, if he asks nicely. But if Mr. Harry Berry thinks JOHN BULL "not worth reading," why was his Committee so vastly perturbed about what JOHN BULL has said?

Fleecing the Canadians.

We want to know if anything has been done yet to remedy the scandal of the fares charged for repatriating wives and children of Canadian soldiers. And there is another point. Some Canadians have married over here, and have all their friends here. Yet if they want to stop this side, they must lose their three months' post-discharge pay and allowance—amounting to £35. Considering that ship-space is so valuable just now, this is as silly as it is monstrously unjust.

Apples.

"Now, sir," writes "A Hove Reader of Twenty Years"—he is a bit excessive in his Anno Domini, but no matter—"apples in Brighton have been 3s. 6d. a pound. Now when they should be 9d. a pound, Brighton apples have all vanished. Why?" Dear, dear! Brighton is a mere spot on a map. Apples have vanished from all the land. In fact, they have gone the way of the 1s. 9d. bunny, the 5½d. new-laid, the dear old milch cow, and other feeding stuffs too numerous to mention. No profiteering, no goods.

Oh, for a Business Council.

They were pulling up the roadway in a Westminster street, and a resident conceived the bright notion of buying some of the wood blocks for fuel. The foreman on the job referred her to the Engineer, and that gentleman, on the 'phone, said she could have them at 45s. a ton. They would have to be carted from her street to the wharf and weighed there, after which she could send a horse and cart to bring them back again. It never occurred to the Engineer to let the foreman sell them on the spot by the hundred. That, being quite simple, was also quite impossible.

Do Flappers Frivol?

It is quite queer how often perfectly contradictory stories float in by the same post. Opening one letter (from a mere male thing) we find the writer, in a Government office, describing the waste of time by girl clerks as scandalous. He says they read novels and newspapers, do little or no work, and get more girls added to the staff to help them. The very next letter is from a group of lady shorthand-typists, protesting that they frivol not nor knit, but spend their whole time in work. There are sheep as well as goats among the flappers.

A Broken Contract.

After a long illness, an old member of the Ancient Order of Foresters was told that he had exhausted his right to sick benefit, but that in recognition of his life-long contributions there would be a funeral allowance for him when he died. That foredoomed event having occurred, the poor old man's relatives are unable to obtain the promised allowance; the Foresters have broken their word, their only excuse being that since the undertaking was given their rules have been changed. Why should these apostles of "thrift" be above the common law of contract?

Conchies for Government Departments.

We learn with grave concern that there is every likelihood that "Conchies"—both those of the Labour Battalions and those of the prison—will be taken back into the Civil Service on the same terms as those brave men who enlisted without official permission. This monstrous thing must not be. If a man won't fight for us, we won't pay to keep him in a comfortable billet. We mean to see this thing through.

Unmuzzled.

According to a Sidmouth reader, owners of dogs who, to comply with the Dog Muzzling Order in Devon and Cornwall, obtained leather muzzles "for the comfort of their animals," since learn from a new Order that leather muzzles do not comply with the requirements. Leather muzzles, it is officially laid down, do not debar a dog from biting, and therefore are not a preventive against rabies. But why could not those who drafted the Order say so at first?

The Army Nurses.

Twenty-five shillings a week does not go far these days. It is not a big wage for a trained, educated, experienced, certificated woman. But it is the highest salary paid to Army nurses, and not a word has been said about any gratuity for them, whether based on length of service or otherwise. One thing is very sure—that if the work of these wonderful women is financially acknowledged, there will be three big hurrahs from the boys who best know what they have done.

A Wash-Out.

On the L.C.C. trams most of the workers have received an extra bonus; indeed, it has been stated publicly that all employees are receiving 5s. more. Unfortunately, this is not true, for the humble but necessary car-washers have been forgotten once again. As theirs is all night work, and very wet, cold and hard, there is every reason why they should receive a fair share of anything good that is going. Perhaps the Tramways Committee will place the washers on the agenda for the next meeting.

The Law Clerk.

Lawyers' clerks are usually ill-paid and regarded contemptuously, although the whole business of legal process and actions at law rests upon their shoulders. But not often as a class are they slighted so wholesalely by their ungrateful employers as they were upon a recent day, when at Westminster Abbey was held a memorial service publicly announced as for "solicitors and articled clerks" fallen in the war. A host of solicitors' clerks, not articled, have yielded up their young lives, far outnumbering the articled ones and the attorneys themselves. If not a grievous oversight, it was a calculated insult.

From Mary'bone to Wandsworth.

Since telling of the starvation diet doled out to Paddingdon "paupers" in Marylebone Workhouse, we learn that another ounce of bread is now granted at some meals. It is a beginning—but man cannot live by bread alone! Now the Wandsworth Guardians are asked to consider the old folk in the Infirmary at Battersea. In the big day-room, as in the wards containing 30 beds, there is but one fire, and it is lit only when the glass goes below 50 degrees. A bit of a blaze is made on visiting days, just for show; otherwise the old inmates are freezing. Are there no warm hearts among the good Guardians?

Inexcusable.

It is the grievance of a Southampton reader that his grocer, who sells "Government" eggs at 4½d. each, will not guarantee them, will not test them, and will not change them. It is at least two to one in these circumstances that the grocer won't even eat them.

Drink.

Stratford-on-Avon, where the Bard came from, has a pumpuritan of the first water in the person of the Rev. A. Barber, member of its Board of Guardians. At a recent meeting of that body another member, Mr. Crossley, "said he gave the inmates a drop of cider last Christmas and would like to do the same this Christmas," whereupon the rev. gentleman rose to oppose the inmates having cider "on principle," as, he said—repeating the old lie so frequently uttered at this time for charity and kindliness—"it was well known most of the cases in the workhouse were there through strong drink." If people can reach the workhouse through apple juice, think of what might be done, with an effort, on Government ale and raisin wine!

A Crofter's Eviction.

At Reawick, Scotland, a crofter and his family—including an adopted child, the orphan of a soldier killed in France—have suffered a cruel eviction. "Think of it!" cries the *Shetland Times*. "A whole family turned out of house and home; their furniture and personal effects thrown out upon the green; the doors of house, byre and barn all locked up, and the family left without a roof to cover them, but for the kindness of friends who took compassion on them." It appears that this inhuman action was taken after a distraint for £21 arrears of rent. What was the name of the absentee landlord for whose benefit the outrage was perpetrated? A pretty celebration of the season of "Peace and Goodwill"!

Choosing a Sheriff.

Among the names sent up to the Lord Chief Justice for the selection of a High Sheriff for the County of Warwickshire is that of Sir Gerald Shuckburgh, a nice young bachelor of 38 who, if we may say so, would have been an ornament to the Army. In case Sir Gerald should be chosen as High Sheriff—and he seems to be the favourite we would like to ask exactly what he did towards winning the war; if nothing, why not more? Not to trouble him unduly, we suggest that the worthy baronet should inscribe the tale of his military prowess in large handwriting on his visiting card; unless, of course, he was too delicate to go fighting—in which case he won't be strong enough for a High Sheriff, and Warwickshire must find another.

Crown Lands.

There is a difference between the price offered by the Egham District Council for six acres of Crown land as a site for a housing scheme and that demanded by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, acting on behalf of what is called the State. The Council offered £100; the Commissioners demanded £2,000. It is a characteristic instance of audacious extortion when Crown land is required for public purposes; and our only surprise in the matter is that the Commissioners have not also demanded a war bonus.

Hodge's Minimum Wage.

Farm labourers as well as farmers have written commenting about those Malling farm-workers who could earn only 12s. in a week by mangold-pulling. It is roundly asserted that £1 an acre is really good pay for the job, even as a war-price, being twice, or even thrice, the old rate. And it is said that a skilled hand can pull half an acre in a day, while "anybody" could manage a third. From this standpoint many friends label our original informants as slackers. We print these views because we like to hear both sides. Perhaps on an off-day we may try our hand at pulling mangolds.

Guns as Plaything.

Three German guns, trophies of gallant deeds and deadly strife, were landed at Kirkwall, in the far-off Orkneys. The military placed them at the west front of the cathedral, and then retired. After that, apparently, they were nobody's concern. Not even the police gave an eye to them. Only the children swarmed over them in crowds, and actually turned them into a see-saw. It is rather an idyllic picture—kiddies see-sawing and Margery Dawing on these great emblems of murder! But when we remember the fine lives lost in winning them to these shores, we could wish them treated with greater reverence.

Sweating the Teacher.

Spalding is a sweating-ground for teachers. So at least may be judged from an advertisement published in the *Schoolmistress*—why doesn't that professional organ boycott such hunger jobs?—by Mr. A. G. Fletcher, Solicitor, Donington, Spalding. The advertisement calls for an uncertificated mistress for Standards 4 and 5; "singing, needlework and drill essential; salary £50 to £60, according to experience." It is not explained whether the local Education Authority is so ashamed of the wages it offers that it has to hide itself behind Mr. Fletcher's coat-tails. In any case, how is it expected a woman can live decently, and up to her fourpenny meat ration, on such an abominable remuneration?

As We Expected.

We knew that our readers would not allow Frederick Chambers to spend his Christmas in gaol for rates accumulated while he was "doing his bit." Generous hearts contributed enough money not only to "buy him out" of prison, but to leave over a goodly sum to provide such a Christmas dinner as to help him to forget the injustice and indignity which a cruel law had inflicted upon him. We hope the time will come when no man will be made to suffer imprisonment for debt for, stripped of camouflage, that is what "disobeying the Order of the Court" really means.

A Still Small Voice.

Unique in our experience is the receipt of a letter from a man who wants less wages. He is a London bank messenger, and part of his duties is cleaning-up the premises. He thinks it is woman's work, and that all other messengers would be glad to be relieved of the task, for which there is an allowance of 5s. to 10s. a week, according to the size of the premises. His wish is for us to agitate that the work be taken from the men, but we are far from convinced that the other messengers would approve.

Blind Injustice.

A chemical worker at Barnsley, engaged during the war on what was known as a "by-product plant," has been overtaken by blindness, which the doctors are inclined to attribute to the nature of his employment. If this view is correct, the man would be entitled to compensation under the Industrial Diseases section of the Workmen's Compensation Act, but he is told that it is now too late to make a claim, as notice should have been given within the first six months. But when first his sight began to fail the man did not realise the position, believing that a short rest would avert graver trouble. It is terribly hard if upon a mere technicality the poor fellow is to be robbed of his undoubted rights.

The Happy Home.

During the war many a happy home has had to go at an old song; the furniture-brokers and the dealers got thousands at the price. Now that the war is over, and Tommy wants to gather his sticks together again or, if unmarried, wishes to take the plunge and be happy ever after—he is faced with the most exorbitant prices for any old thing; whilst things with any pretence to beauty, even at second-hand, are marked up utterly beyond his purse. "What," demands a Bombardier of the R.G.A., "are some of us now to do to get our homes together again with nothing in our pockets except a Discharge Certificate?" One of two things. Camp out without any visible means of subsistence, or build a nest among the birds in the tree-tops.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Things rumoured, thought about, and seen
Once more we throw upon the screen.

The happiest picture we present
Shows H. M. back in Parliament.

How Woodrow's met the King, you bet
That is a point he won't forget!

If Wilhelm would escape the noose
One refuge only can he choose

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Milner, Secretary of State for War.

DEAR WAR LORD,—It is bitterly galling to soldiers with an honourable record in the war to be required to assist in the dispersal of Conchies in khaki, while they themselves, with good jobs waiting for them in civil life, are retained with the Colours. Why on earth is the preference given to these non-combatant shirkers? Having escaped the fighting, they ought surely to be made to bear the brunt of "demobilisation" duties so as to enable better men to get back to their businesses. JOHN BULL.

To H. F. Dickens, Esq., K.C., Common Serjeant, Old Bailey.

SIR,—A man brought before you on a charge of bigamy pleaded as his excuse that his wife was confined in an asylum, so incurably insane that, as you put it, "she had been dead to him and his children for ten years." In these sad circumstances you declined to punish the defendant in respect of his second "marriage." "I do not think, myself," you said, "there is a moral stain in what you have done." Well spoken, sir, and well done! A sane and sympathetic judge, and a worthy son of a great-hearted father! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. J. Walsh, Sinn-Feiner, Cork.

DEAR ORATOR,—The other day you were talking at Blackpool, Cork, and this is the stuff you gave 'em: "The Irish were never pro-German, but if the Devil himself and all the devils in Hell were up against the British Government, the Irish people would be pro-Devil and pro-Hell." That was a nice Sunday-school sort of speech, wasn't it? Yet, I suppose, if you were laid by the heels, as you ought to be, and popped in gaol for a month or two, you would consider yourself a holy martyr and try to grow a halo. What I can never quite understand is whether people like you are just natural idiots or mental perverts. Have you ever had your bumps felt? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. S. O'Reilly, Vicar of Longthorpe, Peterborough.

REV. SIR,—Now and again we have Anglican clergymen like yourself exchanging pulpits with Nonconformists like the Rev. G. H. Bebb, Baptist Minister of your town. It is all to the good, as far as it goes, in the direction of the reunion of the Christian Churches. Of all the communions the Anglican and the Nonconformist are the nearest each other; how long, one wonders, shall we have to wait before their reunion is practically achieved? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Ilkeston, Stipendiary Magistrate, Birmingham.

MY LORD MAGISTRATE,—What is the matter with you? The other day, when a man charged with "loitering" was giving evidence on his own behalf, you allowed the prosecuting solicitor to ask him if he had not previously been convicted of assault. This was clearly a most unfair and improper question; indeed, after a moment's reflection you seem to have realised your blunder, and you finally discharged the accused on the ground that the prosecuting solicitor "was wrong." With all respect, I submit that the chief fault was yours for allowing the question. Were you having forty winks? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, M.P., President of the Local Government Board.

DEAR SIR AUCKLAND,—I am told that when an Old Age Pensioner enters a Poor Law Infirmary he is required to sign away his pension rights in favour of the Guardians. It seems to me that this is a direct contravention of Section 6 of the Old Age Pensions Act, 1908, which declares that "every assignment of or charge on and every agreement to assign or charge an Old Age Pension under this Act shall be void." Perhaps you will be good enough to give me your ruling on this point. In any case, it appears to me unutterably mean to rob these poor old souls of the few shillings weekly. JOHN BULL.

To Captain W. Montgomery, The Bungalow, St. Margaret's Drive, Chesterfield.

GALLANT SIR,—Do you think it was a crime for girls to have helped the country by working at munitions, or that some subtle stain was cast upon their characters thereby? If there hadn't been so many girls in the factories, there would not have been so many shells in France. So perhaps you will withdraw that advertisement for a nursemaid—"ex-munition worker not required." Bit of an insult, isn't it, to a brave lot of women? JOHN BULL.

To Stanley Baldwin, Esq., M.P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

DEAR CASH CONTROLLER,—I understand that, all in a hurry, during the election period, it was decided to alter the basis upon which the profits of Co-operative Societies are assessed for Income Tax—with the result that the Barrow Society, to cite a single example, received a rebate of £14,000. Not unnaturally, the overjoyed Co-operators and local Labour enthusiasts are ascribing this handsome concession to "the proposal by the Co-operative Society Congress to run five Parliamentary candidates." What is your answer? JOHN BULL.

To Inspector E. Rogers, Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

DEAR SIR,—Myer Rabonivitch, of Walden Street, Whitechapel, could not understand why you should make such a fuss because he had packed half-grown fowls into wicker baskets so that they could not move, and kept them without food on being sold for killing, so that when they were released they fell about through exhaustion, "three of them being found with broken legs." Thanks to Mr. Rooth, the Magistrate, Myer is in gaol for three months with hard labour, while in addition he has to pay £20 and £5 5s. costs—and if he doesn't realise before he comes out that fowls have their feelings, he will know for a certainty that Myer Rabonivitch has his. JOHN BULL.

THE MODERN SAMARITAN.

HERO'S CHILD TO BE BORN IN THE WORKHOUSE.

A soldier, a Mons man, has been discharged from the Army because he is suffering from consumption. Therefore he has to exist with his wife on the full pension of 32s. 6d. per week. He and she live in one room. She is expecting a child. So she applied to the General Lying-In Hospital, York Road, Lambeth, for admission. An order was granted provisionally on November 13th. But the hospital people felt compelled to make inquiries. Why we are not told. They sent a Charity Organisation visitor, who found them existing in one room, very neat and clean. She suggested the wife should "go to the Workhouse." The next news was nearly a month later, when the Lying-In Hospital informed the man, through the C.O.S., that there would be no bed available for the wife because, owing to his condition of health, the one room the couple are forced to occupy is not suitable for a newborn child to come to! This is a perfectly idiotic statement. Do they suggest that the child should somehow not be born at all just now, or that the wife should take her infant and run away from her husband instead of returning "home" after the event? How would it improve the chances for the child if the expectant mother followed the visitor's advice? Well, the wife has gone to the Workhouse at Chelsea. And so everybody is apparently expected to be satisfied, except the woman and the soldier. But we are not, and immediately made the couple a grant from our "Greatest of These" Fund. The thing is an insult to the Army and an outrage on the feelings of the poor.

THE WAR DAMAGE SWINDLE.

MORE REVELATIONS OF GOVERNMENT MEANNESS.

A Lancaster reader has a grievance in connection with the Air Raid Insurance swindle. Not only has he paid up to next August, like thousands of other people, to cover a risk that has ceased to exist, but the Surveyor of Taxes will not allow him to deduct the amount from the income on his property, so that in addition to losing the money, he has to pay Income Tax on it as well. And if the property had been damaged by bomb attacks, what would he have got in the way of compensation? Well, the experience of a Kennington reader is instructive, although not a bit surprising. "My house and home," she writes, "was completely wrecked by a German bomb, leaving me homeless and my living gone, as I was entirely dependent on letting furnished apartments. At last the Government have made me an offer of £220, as against the estimate of my builder for £400, which he says is the very least it will cost to rebuild." Still more unfortunate is the position of owners or tenants of damaged property who have to look to the Government for compensation, not as a matter of insurance, but as an "act of grace." For example, we may cite the case of the tenant of a seamen's boarding-house in Victoria Dock Road, involved in the widespread damage caused by the Silvertown explosion. Apart from a few rough-and-ready repairs, the Government have left the unfortunate landlady to bear the whole brunt of the damage—her chief claim to compensation, arising from loss of business during the time the premises were uninhabitable, having been entirely ignored.

DEATH AND THE DOCTORS.

LAND SOLDIER DIES FOR WANT OF ATTENDANCE.

We call for a searching Inquiry into the circumstances of the death of Alfred Obery. He was a soldier employed by a farmer—a Mr. Hicks, of High House Farm, Maffiebborough Green, near Redditch. On 27th November he was taken ill, and Dr. Badger, a local medical man, was asked to attend him but refused, on the ground that only a military doctor could do so. The next day Hicks informed the military authorities of the case, and then, perforce, waited while the poor fellow got steadily worse. *Five days later—on December 3rd—came a formal request for a medical certificate.* That made the farmer distracted, because, since the civilian doctor would not touch the case, no certificate could be procured. He telegraphed to say so. And shortly after the dispatch of the wire the man died. The excuse of the military is that for the first three days of a land-soldier's illness, the farmer is responsible, and must provide a civilian doctor, but after that the military take over full responsibility. How frivolous is the pretext can be seen from the fact that Obery died *five* days after the military authorities had been informed of his illness. So that, on their own showing, there has been scandalous negligence. And supposing there is such a rule: have the Army medical authorities betrayed the existence of it to anybody concerned? Dr. Badger said he had never heard of such a rule. Very grave responsibility rests upon those who took no care to come to an understanding with the civilian doctor, and then let five days elapse before they asked for a certificate.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

No longer Goliath defieth,
Or the victory to David denieth;
But he shares David's pride
As he's sitting outside,
Secure on the back of Goliath.

WORSE THAN A CONCHY.

MAYORESS ASSISTS HER SHIRKER BROTHER.

Perhaps no one was quite so pleased when the armistice was signed, or for more shameful reasons, than Private N. A. Rigby, of the 4th Monmouth Regiment. Truth to tell, Rigby never liked the Army, and did all in his power to dodge it. For a time he was snugly ambushed as a teacher of mathematics in a Dublin college, but ultimately was netted and did not at all like it, although he was not without hopes of speedy release. "My sister," he writes, "for the fourth successive year, has just been elected Mayoress of St. Helens, and it has been arranged that they will get me into civil life as soon as possible. My brother-in-law, being the Mayor and a doctor, can fix all these things up for me." Very nice, too, but better not to write about it unless you deliver your letters by hand. The Mayoress of St. Helens—a Mrs. Bates—"Ciss" for short to her gallant and devoted brother—was almost equally indiscreet. "I hope you do not think," she wrote, under date October 25th, 1918, from Sutton Hall, St. Helens, "that we are not doing our best for you. The doctor wrote to Major Rundle on Saturday afternoon after getting your letter in the morning, but he never answered the letter." Conceivably the gallant Major had something else to do than to save a skulker from his duty, but having set her hand to such a noble and patriotic piece of work, "Ciss" was not easily to be daunted. "The doctor," she concluded, meaning the Mayor of St. Helens, "has got all his part of the work done and in order ready for working"—only "do be careful and don't say a word to anyone." However, as we have seen, to keep his own counsel was more than Rigby could manage; all the way through, apparently, he had been a clumsy trickster. In Ireland, it seems, he had masqueraded under a false name; at any rate, he thought it necessary to tell his sweetheart to address him in the Army by his proper name and "not as you did in Ireland." And this, forsooth, is a man who speaks of his life in the Army as "terribly coarse" and of his comrades as "a motley crowd," whose language is "so demoralising." Merciful Heavens!

AN UNGRACIOUS CLERIC.

GENEROUS CHRISTMAS GIFTS RUDELY SPURNED.

The father of a young officer killed at Neuve Eglise last April was anxious to do something this Christmas in memory of his gallant son, and it occurred to him to write to the Rector of Astley, Worcestershire, which happened to be his birthplace, suggesting a suitable distribution of gifts among the cottagers. Briefly, his proposal was that 30 of the villagers should receive presents of money, ranging from 10s. to £1, or the value of these sums, in addition to their Christmas fare; also there were to be sweets for the children and cigarettes for soldiers in the neighbourhood. Especially, the generous donor was anxious to know if there were any disabled soldiers at Astley or dependents of men belonging to the 2nd Worcesters, his son's old battalion, in whom he took a keen interest. But what was the attitude of the Rector, the Rev. David Procter, M.A.? Well, first of all, his Reverence did the Tommies out of their cigarettes. "The idea of giving cigarettes to the soldiers at home does not commend itself to me," he wrote. "They are always smoking, and have no difficulty in procuring cigarettes." Then Mr. Procter snatched the sweets from the kiddies. Before long, he explained, the village children would be having a "treat" and the proposed contribution of £5 "would be very acceptable towards a tea or the provision of oranges"—this function no doubt to be held under the auspices of the Church, and with a halo of benevolence around the noble brow of the Rev. Mr. Procter. As for the Christmas dinners, his Holiness did not want them; his parishioners would do very nicely, thank you, and it would be much better if the intending giver of the feast would hand the money to the schoolmaster to go towards the Boot Fund! And probably the good clergyman never once realised that his attitude was ungracious and discourteous—that he was hurting the feelings of the bereaved father. No wonder the large-hearted parent has decided, after all, to hand the money to our "Greatest of These——" Fund. We at least know how to thank him, and he may be sure the gift will gladden grateful hearts.

THE BUSY BUST-ERS.

MADAME MERLAIN STILL ON THE BOUNCE.

The Institute Venus Carnis are still persecuting with their unwanted effusions a lady whom they marked down. They declare Mme. Merlain has "called to-day," and "enquired as to whether you had taken advantage of the special offer." There is, further, anxiety to pocket the sum of 31s. 6d., for "the treatment which was, at Madame Merlain's special request, set aside for you." This pretence of personal interest is preposterous bunkum, the very letter which carries the deception being only a circular, processed to imitate typewriting, and printed in hundreds or thousands. It contains a hope that "you did not write to Mme. Merlain out of mere curiosity"; this to a lady who has never written to the Merlain female at all is gratuitous impertinence. So is the promise of an "enlarged bust" or "satisfactory development in any other part."

FOUR SONS GONE WEST.

THE BEST LEAMINGTON CAN DO FOR WIDOW RUSSELL

It is not intended to pass any special reflection on Leamington, though the Fund of £13 raised in the town on behalf of Mrs. W. T. Russell is not conspicuously generous as an act of charity. To quote a local paper, "Mrs. Russell has lost all her four sons in the war; her husband died last April, and her daughter died from the shock on hearing that her fiancé had been killed at the front. Mrs. Russell is 65 years of age." The war has taken all she has and all she loved best in the world, and £13 is the total of Leamington's charitable contributions, to be paid to the widow at 10s. per week. Though her case is tragic, there may be in the town others scarcely less so. Nor is Leamington alone in having no almshouses—those havens and homes of rest which private donors and public societies have built for poor old folk in many other towns; and with Mrs. Russell in mind, it is the suggestion of a Leamington Spa reader that it would be a splendid local memorial of the war if an effort were made to establish something of the kind. The suggestion has our benediction.

THE "DONATION" TRICK.

SHABBINESS TOWARDS DISCHARGED GIRL WORKERS

As soon as her war employment ceases the discharged worker has to present herself at the Labour Exchange, but as a rule she is offered very little choice of future work, and unless she is prepared to accept any kind of situation that may be open, she forfeits her right to unemployment benefit. A case in point is that of a young woman worker, with a child to keep, who having been employed in a bomb-filling factory at 38s. a week, has now been offered, through the Camberwell Labour Exchange, a situation as kitchen-maid with 18s. weekly and partial board, an arrangement quite unsuited to her needs. Yet the girl is told that there is no other job available, and that, unless she accepts this, she will be struck off the list of those seeking employment. In one case a girl was threatened with the loss of her Out-of-Work Donation and the removal of her name from the Labour Exchange lists, simply because her late employer had accused her of "inattention to work." Finally the matter came before the Court of Referees, the Tribunal appointed to deal with questions of this kind, and the decision of the Labour Exchange official was cancelled; but the procedure of the Court was certainly open to criticism, and but for the practical assistance furnished by a representative of this journal it is doubtful if the girl would have obtained her rights. Many male workers have equal cause of complaint, although, generally speaking, they are better able to defend themselves.

THE KING CAN DO IT.

THE NATION AND AN ALL-BRITISH THRONE.

IT is sometimes good to print what is in the public mind, although by so doing we offend against the conventions. Lip service to thrones and royalties is a thing of the past. Nothing that is not real can endure, and if the British people are turning from Monarchy to Republicanism, a Republic we shall have, and Mr. Windsor will take the place of King George. Of this we are certain: that if in the course of time the feeling of the nation was in favour of dropping the trappings of Royalty, there would be universal acclaim for an Hereditary President of the British Republic, and that we should seek that president in the head of the Royal House.

Why is it that throughout Europe the stock of kingship is at a discount and Peoples are groping in the dark for a new order of things? Behind all the social upheavals which the bloody gamble of the Hohenzollern has brought in its train there is the belief, largely justified, that war, which has taken so heavy a toll of precious human life and brought tears and suffering into millions of homes, is still the sport of kings. It was "my army" which the false and ambitious Kaiser mobilised against the army of the Czar. It was the honour and majesty of kings which was at stake in those momentous days which preceded the plunge into Armageddon; it was "my fleet" with which the last of the Hohenzollerns challenged the naval supremacy of the British nation; it was Kaiser William and Emperor Franz Josef who willed war and forced it upon the world.

Who can wonder if there is bitterness in the hearts of men, and Royal thrones have been stripped of their gaudy make-believe and laid bare as the repositories of personal envy, the abiding places of criminal ambitions? What is more, the world has seen the treachery of Consorts, the betrayal of nations. Time was when the ordinary law-abiding subject clung to the fond belief that in mixed marriages lay the best hopes of peace, that the mingling of the blood of this Court with that set up new bonds of union which in days of difficulty and danger would help to smooth away troubles and regain international amity.

Cruel, sanguinary facts have shattered any such beliefs, and to-day we have fearful witness to the truth that blood is stronger than duty, that queens, yes, and kings, have been false to the People whose allegiance they claimed, to be treacherously true to Royal relatives. And so to-day there is an under-current of feeling against the domination of thrones, a growing sentiment unfavourable to kings. Let us face the facts and meet them. But in meeting them let us understand the meaning of Monarchy as we know it in free and independent Britain, while at the same time we look with confidence to the King to express the will of the nation and to the Heir-Apparent to realise the highest hopes of a loyal and contented People.

For generations the British throne has suffered from the taint of the Teuton. His Majesty, with a manliness and a courage which have evoked the admiration of all of us, has done everything humanly possible to give a newer and a better aspect of things; Guelph has offered place to Windsor, German names borne by those near the throne have been changed for worthy English patronymics, our Hereditary President has shown himself splendidly alive to the sentiments of the nation, and in the sincerity and simplicity of his welcome to the head of the great American people, no less than in the alacrity with which he has acquiesced in the betrothal of a Royal princess to a British naval officer, he has shown his readiness to strip himself of all the shams which too long have hedged around kings, and his desire and determination to make himself one of the People These reflections bring us to a matter upon which we have dwelt before more than once and to which we make no apology for returning. In spite of the opinions of Mr. H. G. Wells, we deny that there is any strong Republican feeling in Great Britain. But there is not only a strong, but a growing, desire to secure for this Empire of ours an All-British throne.

The immediate road to it is obvious. Ordinary individuals claim the right to marry where affection dictates. We cannot deny less to one who, by the accident of birth, stands near to the throne. But the British people, who have to-day a very warm and intimate corner in their hearts for the Prince of Wales, are fervently hoping that it is from within the circle of English-speaking womanhood that the Heir-Apparent will choose his Consort. The area is wide; it is world-embracing. The days when the heir to a throne made a grand-tour of the Continent in search of a wife are surely past. Beauty, grace, birth, intelligence, are qualities to be found at their highest and best among the maidens of Britain. And if we understand aright the spirit and the temper of the young Prince, his inclinations are all firmly in favour of a British bride. He is British to the backbone. His simple manners, homely ways, his frankness of intercourse with all men, his gentle courtesy to women—all these attributes have already won for him the nation's affection. Let them win for him the heart and hand of a British maiden.

We believe it to be the intention of the King to send his eldest son on a visit to the Dominions beyond the Seas. Nothing could be more popular—except one thing: the announcement that in the due course of events the Prince of Wales will be permitted, if he so chooses, to select an English bride. The King *can* do it, and we believe he will.

WHISKY—AND WATER!

THE STORY OF AN EXPENSIVE THIRST.

There seems to be no sensible alleviation of the shortage of whisky, but persons foiled in their quest of the golden spirit should not be tempted to rash adventure. Dropping into a public-house in the neighbourhood of his residence, a Gosport reader got into conversation with a man in uniform, who told him a yarn about having a friend at the London Docks, who had contrived by fair means or otherwise to get hold of several casks of whisky, which he was anxious to turn into cash as soon as possible—and "no questions asked." After some little palaver it was arranged that our guileless friend and an acquaintance in the trade should run up to town with a motor-van, test the spirit, conclude the bargain, and carry home the booty. The rendezvous was in a stable-yard off the Old Kent Road; and there, sure enough, were six goodly casks all in readiness for the eager buyers. As soon as the visitors were on the scene, the barrels were duly tapped, "in full sight of the audience," a taste of the whisky proving so thoroughly satisfactory that in "less than no time" two of the casks were sold and away went the motor-van to Gosport. Closer investigation at home showed that each cask had been artfully fitted with a tin receptacle, covering the bunghole, and holding about a pint of spirit, the barrels being otherwise filled with clear water! On first discovering the trick that had been played upon them, the purchasers were inclined to shout, "Thieves!" "Police!" and "Murder!"—but by this time, probably, they are quietly resigned. It is so difficult to persuade the average policeman to take a reasonable view of an affair of this kind.

A SLOW FIRM.

UNWELCOME REAPPEARANCE OF OLD OFFENDERS

Only too often in past years have we been obliged to criticise the business methods of J. N. Masters, Ltd., General Merchants, Hope Stores, Rye, Sussex. Numerous fresh complaints that reach us tend to show that Messrs. Masters have not mended their ways. In one case, which is particularly cruel, a soldier's widow sent the firm 5s. as deposit for a pair of boots. She explained her sad position, told them she had young children and only a small pension, and so was obliged to go out daily to work. Masters sent back to acknowledge the deposit, and said her order would be expedited if she sent more money. So the widow forwarded another 5s. Then they turned on her with a request for her "husband's" signature, or a guarantee by some other man. The poor woman has offered to continue her instalments until the whole amount be paid, if the firm will only promise to supply the boots when she has completed her payments. She has had no reply to that. She has begged for the return of her 10s.; she has had no reply to that. It is difficult to understand the state of mind of people who can turn a deaf ear to such appeals. But this is no isolated case. In another instance a discharged sailor sent them 5s. deposit for a pair of boots. They countered with their usual suggestion for a bit more. To save worry, the sailor forwarded the whole of the balance in full. Since then, Masters of Rye have been silent. The man has written three times, but has received no reply—and no boots. For years past we have warned readers to attempt no dealings with the firm, and it is a shame and a scandal that it should be necessary to repeat those warnings.

RUINED FOR LIFE.

YET NOTHING FROM MUNITIONS MINISTRY.

Here is another Arsenal case, and a bad one. To begin with, let the woman tell her own story:—"Soon after the war broke out I went to Woolwich Arsenal to work as an Examiner. Through a breach of the rule requiring sawdust to be scattered on the wet and slippery platforms I fell, sustaining serious injuries—concussion of the brain, a fractured skull, and bad injuries to the spine. This was nearly two years ago. For many months I lay in Woolwich Hospital; my home went to rack and ruin; my children ran wild. I have written to the Ministry of Munitions again and again, but although they have acknowledged their liability in black and white, they continually put off a just settlement." The poor woman's claim to full compensation is unquestionable, yet out of their slender resources her friends have had to employ a solicitor. As early as June, 1917, the lawyer was in the field; and, although from that time to this the case has been kept constantly before the Ministry of Munitions, the claim is still unsettled. Months ago she was certified by the Arsenal doctor to be permanently incapacitated, yet even after this a further medical examination has been called for, and the Munitions Department are still trifling with the tragic facts. As far as we can discover, all the woman has received is a few months' sick pay, whereas she is, of course, entitled to a permanent allowance commensurate with the ruin of her health and the entire loss of wage-earning capacity. Clearly there has been a complete breakdown of the arrangements for dealing with compensation claims—matters which, above all others, should be handled with promptitude and dispatch.

LOST BY WRECK.

A SEA COOK'S TROUBLES AND THE LAW THEREOF.

"Slushy" takes the risks aboard ship just like everybody else. He also shares the losses. A Hull man, cook, was on the *City of Stockholm*, when she was wrecked. His pay stopped at the moment, and there was no compensation, because it was not a war loss. When he approached the owners, Messrs. John Slater, Ltd., regarding his lost kit, they told him he was entitled to nothing, and that from his pay might have been docked the price of the slop clothes he was sent home in! And they "begged to offer him their sympathy"—upon which nobody can wax fat. It all sounds like gross and infamous injustice, but it is, unfortunately, quite in accord with the Law of the Realm. The pay of a seaman, of course, including the cooks, ceases at the moment a vessel is lost, and there is nothing in the shape of legal compensation allowed for an ordinary marine-risk loss. Jack may lose all his belongings in a wreck, but he loses his wages as well the moment the ship goes down. The law counts him lucky not to lose his life, and considers it compensation enough.

"RARE AND REFRESHING FRUIT"!

HOW NATIONAL INSURANCE PATIENTS ARE SERVED.

That rare and refreshing fruit so lavishly promised under the National Insurance Act has not yet reached the parched lips of the multitude—not in East Ham, anyway. A consumptive, who is supposed to be cared for under the Act, tells us how he fares in that borough. One tin of malt of doubtful quality once a fortnight, one bottle of medicine, 5s. a week disablement benefit—"munificent this, with eggs at famine prices and milk at 10d. a quart"—and there *finis*. These benefits, such as they are and as little as they are, barring of course the large quantities of fresh air thrown in, constitute the whole crusade against consumption under the National Insurance Act as he has experienced it—against a national scourge which carries off in this country alone 75,000 victims every year. The Premier has had a great deal to say about the amount of tuberculosis in the country disclosed by the Conscription Acts and of the impossibility of running an A1 Empire with a C3 population, but nary a word has he uttered about the bankruptcy and failure of his National Insurance Act, which has toyed and trifled with everything and has got to the heart of nothing. It is not to be denied that what the home-treated consumptive under the Act does not receive to build up healthy tissue for his rasping lungs he plentifully receives in officialism of all kinds. If red-tape and inspection, visits and referees to see that he doesn't spend his 5s. disablement money in riotous living would cure him, there would not be a consumptive in the country.

CHRISTMAS POOR FUND.

Proprietors of JOHN BULL, £30; E. H. P., £5 and 500 cakes; L. A. G. (Croydon), 5s.; Miss D. (Langport), 5s. 6d.; "Believe," L. A. G. (Croydon), 5s.; Miss D. (Langport), 5s. 6d.; "Believe-dere," 4s.; E. T. (Kennington), 10s.; "Ulster," 10s.; Mrs. L. A. T. (Ramsgate), 5s.; O. F. (Wolverhampton), 2s. 6d.; G. B. R. (York), 1s.; G. C. (Brockley), 6d.; Mrs E. T., 5s.; A. E. D. (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; C. O. (Hammersmith), 5s.; H. F. F. (Shepherd's Bush), 2s. 6d.; S. J. O (Tiverton), £1; G. L. M., £1; Anon., 5s.; F. C. R. (Hull), £1; "A Thankful Mother," 3s.; K. L. (Lincoln), 1s.; "Cicely," £1 5s.; C. F., £1; L. E. (Colder's Green), 5s.; M. A., 2s. 6d.; "A Working Man" (Cromarty), £1; Mrs. G. B. (Ware), 1s. 6d.; Cecil, Jack, Cissie, Nellie and Lily, 5s.; Mrs. E. F. M., 5s.; A. H. W. (Derby), 2s. 6d.; "A Bite of Our 'J.B.' Turkey," 5s.; F. C. (Camden Square), 5s.; G. S. (Blackheath), 10s.; "An Astley Reader," 5s.; M. N. (Taunton), 2s. 6d.; W. W. (Daybrook), 2s. 6d.; R. S. G., 2s. 6d.; W. C. A. (Westcliff), 5s.; A. K. M. (Dunkerton), 2s.; S. and J. B. (Crewkerne), 5s.; M. G. (Glasgow), 5s.; "A Reader of *J.B.*" (Spean Bridge), 2s. 6d.; C. C., 5s.; "Grateful" (Knaresbro'), 5s.; P. S. B. K., 5s.; M. B. (Bridgnorth), £1 10s.; A. D., 10s.; "Soldier's Wife and Child," 10s.; "Handen," 10s.; H. W., 5s.; J. K., 5s.; E. G. (Bedford), 10s.; C. F. B., 5s.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL" (Walton), 5s. 6d.; M. A. (Liscard), 2s.; T. M. R. (Cornwall), £1; "Babs," £2 2s.; F. L., £2; M. M., (Acocks Green), £1; A. E. (Cambridge), 10s.; M. W. G. (St. Just), 5s.; E. G. B., 5s. 6d.; M. A. (Shepperton), 6d.; "Engineer," 10s.; "An Old Nurse," 5s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (St. Leonards), 2s. 6d.; M. L. (Sandwich), 5s.; Miss K. M., 10s.; F. S. (Luton), 5s.; Pte. W. F., 2s. 6d.; "A Reader," 5s.; Mrs. J. B. (Mansfield), 2s.

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

Good arfernoon, sir. A ni' s'arfernoon for the time o' year. Wot kin I——? . . . A *close shave?* Right-o. Jest slip yore arms in this overall. There ain't no stars on it, but it's orl stripes, an' that's the best I kin do for yer just nah. . . . *I seem to 'ave a idea 'oo you are?* Sure thing. I should be a mug if I didn't. President o' the United States, I believe. . . . Wot, *you think my style of expressin' is a little lacking in respect?* Go 'ook! Don't you realise as 'ow you're in the most truly democratic country in the world? . . . . Wot's that?—*'Ow kin we be democratic when we're gotter king?* As easy as easy. Our King, George (more power to 'is elbow now 'e's dropped the T. T. Stunt) ain't a n'ordinary King. E's jest like yorself—with a tidy diff'rence. E's the 'oreditary President o' the British Republican Empire. An' very nice too. That's w'ere we 'ave the advantage o' you in the States. Every so many years yore country is distracted by a presidential election, and there ain't a political trick wot ain't tried by one or the other o' the the two principal parties to shove their men in. That's wot we escapes. *Our* President (Gawd bless 'im!) is perpetchewal, so to speak. Orl we 'as to do is to elect a fresh Prime Minister now an' again—and if 'e don't be'ave 'isself we sack 'im at the nex' general election. So you see, Mister President, you 'aven't got nuthink to teach us about democratic government.

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Now, I'm second to none in offerin' yer a 'earty welcome to the funny 'ole British Isles, w'ere the idea of political liberty was born, w'ere the slavery of priest-craft was first shook orf, and w'ere the Mother o' Parliaments became by degrees the model on w'ich orl truly democratic governments constructed their representative 'ouses. So you'll excuse me w'en I remarks that you 'aven't come over 'ere to teach us anythink about democracy. In other words, you can't teach yore granny to suck eggs. Now, there's one point I would like to make a few remarks about; and that is the Freedom o' the Seas, as referred to in one o' yore fourteen points. Since the 'appy day w'en Britannia grasped old Neptune's trident, the oceans o' the world 'ave been free for all peaceable an' legitimate traders. We've spent more blood an' money in clearing the seas of piratical craft durin' the last few centuries than any nation under the sun. An' you must excuse me if I remind you that it was us wot finally abolished the slavers, 'oo's biggest trade was with America in the bad ole days. So you see, sir, that the expression, "The Freedom o' the Seas," means more to us then it does to most. So fur as I understand, your interpretation o' the phrase means that every Power shall 'ave absolootly equal rights at sea at all times and in any circumstances. That's w'ere we join issues.

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We say, so long as you use the ocean 'ighway in a legitimate, peaceful way, you kan carry on. But as soon as ever you begins the pirate stunt, like wot Germany did in sinkin' 'ospital ships, an' cetra, then we steps in, like a sorter international policeman, an' sets about makin' the seas "safe for democracy." I want you to git this properly into yor 'ead, Mr. Wilson, and at the same time not to forgit that the British Navy not only saved Europe from the vilest attempt at tyranny ever tried on, but the United States as well. Carn't you trust Britain with 'er Navy? This world would be a bloomin' precarious place to live in if it wasn't for our British lads in Navy blue, believe me! Good-day, sir, and many thanks. Oh, 'arf a mo! At this 'ere Peace Conference you might see wot you can do towards settling the Barbers' Strike, seein' as you appear to be going to try yore hand at smoothin' over all sorts of trouble. But I must "cut it short." Meanwhile, good luck!

A LESSON FOR

Meaning of the Mandate—Prime Minister on Sufferan

By THE ED

I MAY be forgiven if I commence this week with a reference to South Hackney—where, after an absence of seven years, I have been sent back to Parliament by my old constituency with the remarkable majority of upwards of 8,000 over the official Coalition candidate. What the true significance of that victory is I will endeavour to explain, but before doing so I will set out the official figures. They will be useful as a permanent record for the readers of this journal—and they look very nice in print:

BOTTOMLEY (Independent) ...	...	11,145
HENRI (Coalition Liberal) ...	...	2,830
Majority ...		8,315

To understand this result it is necessary to explain that I was the only really Independent candidate who defeated the official Coalitionist. In practically all other cases, and they are very few, in which the Coalition man has been beaten, it has been by a member of one of the recognised political Parties—and in almost every instance the Candidate has swallowed whole Mr. Lloyd George's programme. On the other hand, I distinctly declined to go to the House as a blind follower of the Prime Minister, and expressed my intention of giving him an entirely independent support. It will, therefore, be seen that South Hackney—which, by the way, has polled a higher percentage of the electorate than any other London division—has unmistakably expressed its desire to have some check upon the Government, in the way of independent—but, I need scarcely say, at all times patriotic and disinterested—criticism.

A Lesson for Lloyd George.

Such is the mandate from one of the principal and most democratic constituencies in the Metropolis. And, surely, it stands out as a most significant feature of the Election. My constituents felt, with me, that there was a danger of the country, in the exuberance of its patriotism, giving Mr. Lloyd George, at any rate for the time being, such a stupendous majority as to make him absolutely indifferent to independent opinion, and that it is essential in the best interests of the State that there should be at least one man in the House of Commons, free from any Party ties or discipline, prepared to keep him up to the mark in settling accounts with Germany. And that is the primary task which has fallen to my hands. I am quite sure that not one of the Party men who have managed, in most cases with exceedingly small majorities, to oust the Government nominee, will be prepared to abandon all political shibboleth and tradition, and regard the problem of Peace from the purely National standpoint. Indeed, with the exception of General Page Croft and Sir Richard Cooper—the prime movers of the National Party, and its sole representatives in the House—it is difficult for me at the moment of writing to say where I can look for disinterested support. Certainly not to Mr. Lambert, the solitary survivor of the Asquithian leaders, and who, unless some of the Privy Councillors in the House assert their privilege, looks like being the only occupant of the Front Opposition Bench—verily, a grim satire upon the unreality of the old Parliament. And even if he should be reinforced by such right hon. gentlemen as Messrs. J. H. Thomas, W. Adamson, William Brace, C. W. Bowerman and Will Crooks, I am afraid Mr. Lloyd George would not regard the Opposition with very great concern. It was, therefore, to find an antidote to this state of things that I, like the Prime Minister, asked for a "mandate," and South Hackney has given it me. And I respectfully invite Mr. Lloyd George to take note of the fact that, properly appealed to, there *are* electors in the country who do not view with equanimity the prospect of a top-heavy Administration, capable by mere force of numbers of doing whatever it likes with the destiny of the Empire. We shall, I suppose, soon be having a series of inevitable bye-elections—and that will afford a convenient opportunity, when the prevailing excitement, such as it is, has subsided, of asking for further evidence of that sentiment.

The Liberal Rout.

Of course, the most startling feature of the whole election has been the utter rout of what is colloquially called "The Old Gang"—even Mr. Asquith himself being unable to retain his seat. Personally, I am not very excited about this incident. I remember the same thing occurring in 1906, with Mr. Balfour, the then ex-Prime Minister, and the ex-Prime Minister in the sense of being the retiring one, at whose instance the appeal to the country was being made. It is only natural that, when strong feeling exists against any political Party, it should find its chief expression concentrated upon that Party's leader—and Mr. Asquith, whatever his Parliamentary prowess and ability, has had to pay the penalty of a public opinion disappointed with his early conduct of the war. Whether or not he will submit to the indignity of having a seat found for him, as was done in the case of Mr. Balfour, I cannot say. Elsewhere I have indicated the post for which I think his qualities best suit him. And all his principal colleagues have gone with him—with the one exception of the minor Minister to whom I have already referred. It is the most remarkable rout in the political history of our country. But public opinion, in matters political, is a fickle thing—and I earnestly warn the Prime Minister not to be misled by what has happened. After all, he must remember that not more than half the total electorate has voted at all—a fact which surely detracts considerably from the moral force of that mandate for which he has asked. I shall also have something to say upon another occasion about the soldiers' vote, in connection with which matters have turned out precisely as I predicted—considerably more than 50 per cent. of them having been practically deprived of their franchise—and I shall certainly take an early opportunity of calling attention to the matter when Parliament meets. Let us look for a moment at the actual figures of the election. How has Mr. Lloyd George secured his enormous majority of 250 odd in the House of Commons—in other words, how comes it that, out of 700 members, he claims no fewer than 478, or more than two-thirds of the whole House? The explanation is amazing. Dealing with England and Wales alone, he and his followers have polled just over 5 million votes, whilst the non-Coalition vote amounts to over 4½ millions. In other words, under any sane system of representation his majority, to be reflective of public opinion, instead of being 250 should be about 40! Thus he has more than six times the majority which the voting justifies. Surely one of the first duties of the new Parliament should be to take steps to render a repetition of such an electoral farce an impossibility.

Meaning of the Mandate.

Mr. Lloyd George went to the country to get a mandate for peace. There can be no doubt about that—he told us so himself; well, he has got his mandate. And what is written upon it? Really I think there is more writing than he asked for. You remember that it was not the Prime Minister who talked about hanging the Kaiser, full Indemnities, hands off the Navy, and the rest. He started his election campaign on a policy of Reconstruction. But there were some of us who were against running that particular horse, and when Mr. Lloyd George quite realised what we were shouting for, and that one particular steed was first favourite, he too quite readily took up the cry. I see it stated that it was my friend Lord Beaverbrook who "gingered up" the Prime Minister for the Election Stakes. Well, it is not for me to say who did it; sufficient that it was done, and that the Prime Minister has got his mandate for Versailles. But there is this to be said—that the result of the General Election is a very plain answer to President Wilson. For it was the President who, before he started on his pleasant trip across the Atlantic, put forward these points of peace recommendations which Mr. Lloyd George was so ready to swallow. And the very points which the President either forgot to mention, or put in the wrong way, are just those the British electors have stated in their own way. It is quite fortunate that the figures

OR LLOYD GEORGE.

Sufferance—Our Soldiers in Russia—We Must Go to Berlin.

THE EDITOR.

of the General Election should have been made known while Mr. Wilson was the guest of the King at Buckingham Palace. They must have helped to remind him that while Presidents and Prime Ministers propose, People have a way of disposing. And just as in America certain elections have resulted in a victory for the Republicans who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Wilson on "Freedom of the Seas" and other matters, so the General Election here, the result of which was made known on the President's birthday, has given many persons "furiously to think," as the French say.

Prime Minister on Sufferance.

I am not in the slightest doubt about the Prime Minister's mandate for the Peace Table, but I am by no means so certain concerning his power in the House of Commons. As I have said from the outset, I go back to my old place at Westminster fully determined to do everything in my power to help Mr. Lloyd George—to give him honest and reasoned assistance—not blind obedience. You remember he asked for a majority, pledged not only to the Coalition Government, but pledged to vote as they were told, without question and without criticism. Has he secured such a majority? I doubt it. And if I know my old friends of the Unionist Party, they quite realise the position in which the fortunes of the ballot have placed them. Mr. Bonar Law and his followers will be in a majority of something like 130 over every other Party or clique in Parliament. They are the real masters of the situation. It may please them for the present to permit Mr. Lloyd George to be Prime Minister, but at any moment they could declare "thumbs down" on the right hon. gentleman and all his works. And if I know anything of the old Tory "gang," they will use those thumbs whenever it suits their purpose. I admit that there are some very sane and broad-minded men among what the papers describe as Coalition Unionists, but there are others—men who have no sympathy with democratic feeling and no desire to break away from the beaten track of Party. Mr. Lloyd George has said some very inspiring things; he has painted attractive pictures of a new Britain, a country made fit for our heroes to live in—and all that sort of thing. But he can only realise his ideals by the grace of the Unionist Party. He will need all the sympathy and support he can get—yes, it will not be long before he will be looking to the Independents who were forced to plough their lonely furrows at the Election. Real social reform is not a Party, it is a national, business, and there are a hundred problems to be faced which can never hope for a solution on Party lines.

Ireland's Threatening Clouds.

And what about those dark and threatening clouds in Ireland? The Nationalists have been routed there quite as effectually as the miserable Pacifists have been cleared out in England. Mr. Dillon and nearly all of his followers have been rejected, and the Sinn Feiners were triumphant. Their victory may be deplorable, but it has to be recognised. Those men who have raised the revolutionary flag in Ireland have been returned not to a British Parliament—they have pledged themselves against swearing the oath of allegiance to the King—but to make trouble in their own country. Their purpose is to set up some sort of government of their own, to defy Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues, to collect taxes from their sympathisers, and with the money to carry on an independent Executive, which is to work night and day to bring about separation from Great Britain. That is their avowed plan, and more than seventy Sinn Feiners, who have the right to put M.P. after their names, will form that revolutionary government. That is one of the first problems which will confront the Prime Minister as soon as he returns from settling the hash of the Germans at Versailles. Not a pleasant problem, is it? But it is one which will have to be faced, and faced with firmness.

Our Soldiers in Russia.

As one who is pledged to Tommy, as well as to Jack, there are many questions concerning the soldier which are already occupying my mind. And not the least disturbing is the thought that gallant fellows, who enlisted to fight and defeat the Germans, are now denied the freedom which victory should bring, and are being used for some mysterious purposes in Russia. What are they doing there? That is a question to which I shall demand an immediate answer when the King summons Parliament. From the many letters I receive, I know there is a very strong feeling on the subject, and it is a feeling by no means confined to the friends and relatives of the men. The men themselves deeply resent the treatment they have received. They have had enough of fighting, and while they were ready to face hardships and death in meeting a treacherous foe, they have no stomach for any enterprise against a treacherous friend. For that is how they regard Russia, on whose behalf we entered the war, and who at the most critical phase of the great conflict "ratted" and left us in the lurch. There is an ugly suspicion abroad that we have sent our boys to Russia to save something for the "International financier"—that creature without country or conscience, who is troubled solely about the money side of things. If British troops are in Russia for some better purpose, then we have a right to know what that purpose is. Tommy has had enough of war; he wants to get back home as soon as possible—and to know that he is left shivering this winter on the Murman coast, or in some other frozen part of inhospitable Russia, is disquieting, to say the least of it.

We Must Go to Berlin.

Instead of troubling about Russia, let us think about going somewhere else—*and that place is Berlin.* There is, of course, a kind of poetic justice in settling the Treaty at Versailles, and I do not for a moment begrudge France that sentimental satisfaction. But settling the Treaty is one thing—signing it is another. And if, as I hope, the Allies do not mean to discuss the terms with Germany but to *dictate* them to her, I don't see the slightest necessity for having any Huns at the Congress at all. Let the Treaty be discussed and settled at Versailles, by the Allies and America, *and then taken to Berlin for signature,* guarded by British, French, American, Italian and other associated troops. That's the only way to make Germany understand that the war is over and that all is lost. And I know that it is also the view of Clemenceau. I have before me the account of an interview with him in October last, and I find that he was then in favour of the Peace Conference itself being held in the German Capital. Let me give you his own words: "The conference must be held in Berlin. I remember," he continued, "Earl Curzon in the earlier stages of the war prophesied the marching down Unter den Linden of Indian troops. The idea was just, but it did not go far enough. *Detachments representing all the Allies must march down Unter den Linden,* not only to see that justice is done, *but to convince the German people of the fact . . . Peace must be made upon German soil, in the German Capital.*" And not only this, but the old "Tiger" added, "And the trial, before an international Court of Justice, of the Kaiser, and of those adjudged responsible with him for the crime of this war, *must be held before the eyes of the German people . . .* The only way to impress the enemy people, and to turn their minds from the blood lust of which they are guilty, is to arraign, and if necessary hang, their War Lords in their own capital." Now that is the kind of talk we understand, and I commend it to the Prime Minister. And I assure him that he will hear a good deal of it when Parliament meets. Clemenceau is called the Tiger—I shall be content to play the role of the bull dog; and when I get my teeth into anything I shall hold on "like grim death." Certainly the "Whips" won't be able to shake me off! Yes, we must go to Berlin, and, as I have said before, by leaving a large army of occupation there to see the Peace terms carried out, secure the double purpose of ensuring victory and ameliorating the problem of Demobilisation. But so far as Britain is concerned, that Army should be formed on a volunteer basis—no citizen soldier being asked to remain in Germany against his will. Of that, however, more anon.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Missing Men.—We recently referred to the need of paying greater attention to our prisoners who have lost memory, with a view to obtaining their restoration to their relatives—throwing out the suggestion that their photos should be widely circulated in the hope of securing their identification. Thousands who read our remarks concluded that we had started a department for the purpose. This, unfortunately, is beyond our power. Inquiries must be made through the usual War Office channel—the Secretary's department.

Enemies' Chance First:—We have many letters from France telling us that the boys are on half rations because the Germans must be fed. The War Office seems to have forgotten how our splendid, clean fighting men, taken prisoners, have not only been starved, but flogged and shot. A feeling of irritation is natural, and for any trouble which may ensue the men primarily to blame are the bureaucrats. Our discharged soldiers and returned prisoners of war cannot forget what they have heard, felt and seen.

In the East, Too:—The men in the East are also being placed on short rations so that our enemies may fatten. Those who have been in Mesopotamia and Gallipoli for years are about to be sent to Russia. They do not like it; nor do we. There are in England many thousands who have been on Home Service, but who should have been sent out to do their bit. Why not grant them the privilege? Many have come to us and told us that they have begged to be sent out, but are not allowed to go unless they sign on for long service.

Somewhat Irregular:—While on the subject, we feel compelled to say that we have received a complaint from a battery that the Officer Commanding became friendly with a Belgian girl, had her to tea, and sent her about six pounds of beef. The same day half a dozen men had no meat for their dinner—one of the victims actually being the man who had to take the joint to the Commanding Officer's young lady! And what, on Armistice Day, happened to the men's rum ration in one of the Divisions?

Malaria:—We are sorry to note that many sufferers from malarial fever are still undergoing their "cure" under canvas. We would ask General Headquarters in France to enquire into the state of St. Martin's Eglise Camp, near Dieppe. If the complaints we have received from there are true, somebody should be placed on the rack.

Tommy's Leave:—We are at one with the men who regretted that they could not obtain leave. Heaven knows, we have done our best at the War Office to have furlough granted. The latest Order is that members of departmental corps—who were glad, on enlistment, to escape having to stick their bayonets into German ribs, or get shot in the process, but are now clamouring for discharge—are not to be released at present, although they may have jobs to go to. They must remember that they would have been willing to give ten years of life to enter the corps in which they are serving, and it is only fair that they should remain there to carry out the sweeping up of the job.

"JACK."

That Prize Money:—Our sailors are still worrying concerning the amount of prize money they are to receive, and we suggest that the Admiralty should at once issue a definite statement. What rather rattles Jack is the rumour that fellows who saved their skins in the dockyards during the war are to participate. They were immensely better paid than the combatants, and that for safe jobs, while the bluejackets were freezing in the North Sea and risking mines, torpedoes and fleet attack. It does not seem fair to us.

Nobody's Children:—H.M.S. *Sanfoin*, at Grangemouth, has been commissioned for over a month, the crew having been drafted from one of the Naval Depôts. During the whole time, the men have lived on bread and jam, washed down with tea. A leading hand applied to the Canteen Board for the usual food—butter, margarine, bacon, etc.—offering to open an account with them on behalf of the crew, but was informed that the request could not be granted as the vessel was not at her own base. We should like to know who is responsible for victualling the ship. To make matters worse, the crew cannot obtain food coupons.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

How to Help: We have many men returned from Ruhleben Camp. Everyone who wishes—and what patriotic Briton doesn't?—to do a turn to the "down and outs" among them should go to the Ruhleben Exhibition at the Central Hall, Westminster, which opens on January 11th. Down with the dust!

A Fat Job:—In a letter from the Ministry of Labour, Chester Street, Flint, to the Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, Mold, the official estimate of the worth of a discharged soldier is stated as follows: "A Sub-Postmaster is required for Gwernaffield. The selected candidate will be required to provide his own office accommodation, and the hours of attendance are usually from 9 to 1, and from 3 to 7 p.m. The remuneration is approximately £18 16s. 0d. per annum. The position is deemed suitable for a discharged soldier or sailor, or shopkeeper already resident in the village. If you knew of a suitable applicant, I shall be glad to hear from you." This is supposed to be the day of big pay—in this case it is about 2d. an hour.

Penalised:—John Lowe left his employment with the Methil (Fife) Co-operative Society, shouldered a rifle, went to the front, and won the Military Medal and stripes. On demobilisation he wrote to his employers asking for reinstatement, and received the following reply: "Your letter was duly received, and put before my Committee. It was stated that you left the service on your own account, and in that case there was no question of reinstatement." Had the man been a conscript, it would have been otherwise!

Another Scottish Case:—Alex. Lillico, late Royal Scots, served for eighteen years with the Co-operative Stores, Berwick-on-Tweed, as a butcher. Joining up in June, 1916, he was severely wounded, and had his left leg amputated, being discharged in October, 1918. Meanwhile, a Mr. C. E. Bainbridge was holding Lillico's position until his return. This month the Northumberland Farmers' Union advertised for a butchering manager, and Lillico applied for the job. The successful applicant was Bainbridge! Several men withdrew their applications in favour of Lillico when it was known that he was a discharged man. But Bainbridge did not!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Shell-Shock Victim:—A discharged soldier's wife and family of four children have all been down with the 'flu. Debts pressed, owing to man's pension having been stopped. He is now about to be admitted into hospital, but his wife and family were utterly unprovided for.

A Triple Difficulty:—A soldier's wife had just lost a child, and was without the means to bury it, having an invalid mother looking to her for attention and in addition having been summoned for rates. The poor woman did not know which way to turn, but we readily gave her a helping hand.

"Homeless and Friendless":—So a discharged soldier described himself. He is cut off from his home in Ireland, and could not pay the rent for his lodgings, as his pension has ceased and he is awaiting gratuity. He was very grateful when we came to the rescue.

Milk for Little Ones:—Three children of a soldier were very ill with the 'flu, and necessary nourishment could not be obtained from their mother's Army allowance. We set the matter right and also helped to pay the doctor's fee.

His Luck:—An ex-soldier had a tale of many misfortunes to tell us. He was discharged from the Army, after a considerable period of service, to work in a coal mine, where he suffered from a burning accident. Following that he was down with the 'flu for a month, and his wife and five children could scarcely keep body and soul together upon the sickness benefit.

A Crippled Laddie:—A soldier's wife appealed to us on behalf of one of her children, who has been ordered a surgical boot. She has as much as she can do to feed and clothe her little ones, without the expense entailed by this urgent necessity.

Further Cases Relieved:—

Child died uninsured; the father is in Italy; long doctor's bill outstanding.

Son's allowance not through, and he lying ill and in need of nourishment.

Soldier's widow with seven children, two of whom are delicate, could not meet expenses.

Soldier's father invalided. Son married and cannot contribute much to his support.

Widow, with two children, quite unable to carry on on microscopical pension—especially as little ones ill.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

E. M. W., 5s.; Mrs. F. G. (Leicester), 2s.; "A Scot," 5s. 6d.; "Henry," £1; Mr. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; "Tom Brown," £2; 1s.; G. A. L. (Mount Ngwibi), 14th contribution, £2; "Traveller," 5s.; Mrs. R. M. M. (Newport), 5s.; K. C. T. (Liverpool), 2s.; B. M. (Wednesbury), 10s.; H. R. (Durban), £3; Interested, 2s. 6d.; "A Warrior," 1s.; F. S. H., 6d.; H. S., 9s.; A. E. W., 5s.; "Charlie," 6d.; W. S., 6d.; L. A. B., 1s. 6d.; J. A. (Liverpool), 6d.; N. C., 6d.; S. J. B. (Longport), 6s.; "Ex-Serg.," R.E., £1; W. S., £1; "Jonathan," 10s.; "A Well Wisher" (Packworth), 1s.; "In His Name," 5s.; Mrs. W. M. (Blundellsands), £5; E. W. I. (Balham), £1; A. E. W. (New Southgate), £1 1s.; R. S. C., £3 3s.; Mrs. C. (Hull), 10s.; F. M. H. (Bournemouth), 2s. 6d.; C. S. (Chiswick), 5s.; P. O. (Dormanstown), 2s.; "W.," £1 1s.; "Clark in Cartnel," £1; A. A. B. (Lutor), 5s.; "A Tommy's Wife," 2s.; Pte. G. D., 114.; A. L. (Oswestry), 5d.; Mr. L., 10s.; Sapper S. N., 3s. 9d.; J. O'L., 1s. 3d.; P. F., 5d.; "Wee Nora," 1s. 6d.; M. and S., 2s. 6d.; F. F. R., 1s.; A. V., 2s.; F. E. F. (Prittlewell), 2s. 6d.; W. J. H. (France), 2s. 6d.; A. H. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; "C. H. M. Birch," 2s. 6d.; "Southwark," £1 7s.; W. C. (Durban), 19s. 2d.; "S. L. and Party," £3; J. S. S. (Norway), 5s.; "Grateful" (Lanarkshire), 5s.; A. W. G., 2s. 6d.; E. B. (America), 2s.; W. I. H. (Winchcombe), £1 1s.; C. W. C., £5; "Merchant Seaman," 5s.; C. D. (Faversham), 2s. 6d.; S. and J. B. (Crewkerne), 5s.; Miss W., 1s.; K. W. H. (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; "Guns," 10s.; G. M. H., 10s.; A. C., 6d.; N. R. (Hanwell), 6d.; "Teregian," 5s.; Cpl. H. A., 2s.; E. B. (Bristol), 6d.; J. S. (Swinton), 1s. 3d.; B. P., 1s. 6d.; R. S. G., 9s. 6d.; "A South African Soldier in France" (per M. D.), £1; Mrs. P. (Camberwell), 2s. 6d.; G. S. (Blackheath), 10s.; A. C. (Stepney), £2; Mrs. M. T. (Devonport), 1s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

PELMANISM AND DEMOBILISATION.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS PREPARING FOR CIVIL LIFE.

"PEACE, PELMANISM AND PROSPERITY."

One of the most striking phases of the Armistice period is the enormous demand for Pelmanism which has arisen among officers and men of the Navy and Army. The prospect of early demobilisation has forced upon them the necessity for earnest preparation if they are to achieve success upon resuming their civil occupations.

During the war Pelmanism was *the* topic in battleship, trench, barrack, and billet, and hundreds of thousands of men have been convinced of its practical value by the force of the personal example of their comrades.

Now, when time, in many cases, is hanging heavily on the hands of both officers and men, it is being readily recognised that the period until demobilisation cannot be more profitably employed than in the study of this wonderful system of mental training, whose students unanimously proclaim it the "Path to Prosperity."

The result is that enrolments are now literally pouring in from the Navy and Army. Since hostilities ceased the ranks of the Pelmanists have been swelled by many thousands of our gallant fighting men, who are determined to be efficiently equipped for the battle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war.

In view of the "mental rust" which is the inevitable outcome of Naval and Military life, no man who hopes to resume a well paid civilian occupation can afford to neglect Pelmanism—the system which beyond all doubt is the most effective means of fitting the mind of its students for the "great change over" and the individual "reconstruction" which is necessary to cope with its many problems.

All officers and men are invited to make the fullest investigation of the claims that are made on behalf of Pelmanism. "Mind and Memory," the publication which makes completely clear what Pelmanism is and what it achieves, is offered quite freely, and can be obtained by return post on application to the address given.

The following letters from Pelmanists have a definite bearing upon the question of resuming civil life, and will be read with interest, and, it is believed, with ultimate profit by many men who are looking forward to demobilisation:

FROM AN ASSISTANT PAYMASTER, R.N.

"When I first took up the study of your system, I was in business enjoying regular hours, and having a home to go to each night. But in the meantime I have joined the R.N.R., and—as you can well imagine—the sea life does not always lend itself readily to any course of study. Hours are uncertain, quarters cramped, and the general conditions unfavourable. However, I will get on with the twelfth, and last lesson, with all possible despatch. In passing—it may interest you to learn that 'Pelmanism' is one of the stock subjects of conversation in our mess, where a great interest in it is evinced upon all sides. For my part I never fail to recommend it to my fellow officers, for I consider it a magnificent system which has in my own case—in spite of the unfortunate spasmodic manner in which I have had to study it—considerably improved my mental capacity and enlarged my mental horizon. I am expecting great things from it, when I am able once again to settle down to my normal vocation."

A LIEUT.-COLONEL writes:—

"As military service is the most wonderfully effective method of obtaining an inefficient memory, it must be recognised and the results fought against if possible. Experience in France has taught me that not one in one thousand is retaining his powers of concentration, and all require the spur of excitement to make them do their work. Carrying this into civil life unchecked, we will be absolute failures. Make your arguments and system known to the Army. As they are saving the Empire now, give them the chance to prepare themselves for the war after the war."

AN AIR MECHANIC states:—

"I have gained self confidence, increased my will power, lost my reserve and crept out of my shell. I have discovered how to turn a dull, monotonous existence into a life of which every minute has its interests and ideas. And, like another of your military students, I have learned 'how to play the game.' I am much indebted to your system. It has pulled me out of a deadly rut which threatened to waste all my qualities by letting me run to seed."

A CHIEF YEOMAN SIGNALS, R.N., writes:—

"Have just started to regain my health and strength, and am pleased to say have started work in civil life at the bottom rung of the ladder, and thanks to the Pelman Course, in less than three weeks I have made the first step of advancement, and hope to continue. I may add that whilst I was called up I took on duties which practically doubled my income, and without my knowledge of the Pelman System I could not have carried on the same with ease and comfort."

AN EMPLOYER writes:—

"After reading Lesson No. 1, I decided that the Course would be a good thing for one of our clerks, and gave him the money to enter his name."

A STUDENT writes:—

"Since I commenced your course of instruction, my efficiency has vastly increased. I know my income has gone up 300 per cent. . . . I attribute all this to Pelmanism."

The foregoing are typical of many thousands of letters received from men of every rank and rating of the Navy, Army, R.A.F., and others, and form conclusive evidence of the enormous value of a course of Pelmanism at the present juncture.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of JOHN BULL *who applies to The Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Overseas Addresses: 46 48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*

To The PELMAN INSTITUTE,
15, PELMAN HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET,
LONDON, W.C. 1.

SIR,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book, "Mind and Memory," a copy of *Truth's* latest report, and particulars of the Special Offer entitling me to take the Pelman Course for one third less than the usual fee.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

All Correspondence is Confidential.

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

By THE SQUIRE.

(In view of the resumption of racing we have decided to restore the articles of "The Squire," who will each week in this column give our readers the benefit of his unique experience, and opportunities for obtaining exclusive information.)

To-day (Wednesday) the curtain will be once more raised upon the good old sport of winter racing—consisting of steeplechasing and hurdling. Many people, by the way, confuse the two things—which are quite distinct. A steeplechase race consists of jumping "fences," as they are called, of all descriptions—plain fences, open ditches, water-jump, etc.; whereas hurdle races comprise one uniform obstacle—a plain and slightly-slanting hurdle such as you see in a sheep pen, but covered with gorse or birch. The former class of race often extends to three, and in the case of the Grand National to four and a half, miles, whilst the regulation hurdle race is two miles, and is naturally run at a faster pace than in the more severe class—the horses "taking the hurdles in their stride."

There are signs that this particular jumping season, as it is called, will mark a great revival in the winter sport. A large number of good-class horses "on the flat" are being schooled, and we shall soon see Newmarket playing an important part. And then we are to have the old Grand National run once more at Liverpool—where the obstacles are so severe and the distance so great—four miles and a half—that only a few of the starters ever "get round." We are also to see the champion hurdler, Waterbed, make his *début* over fences, whilst Mr. Bottomley's old warrior, MacMerry, who carried everything before him last season in his own class, is also to make his bow as a "chaser"—I understand at Manchester—and it is hoped that he will prove a worthy successor of the same owner's Adansi, who a few years ago was unbeatable in Selling Races. Altogether, we look like having a very interesting season.

It is, of course, very difficult, at this early stage, when the horses have been doing nothing for months, to speak with certainty of the prospects of the various competitors, but I hope to put my followers on the right track by telling them that the two stables to follow at present are those of Hyams, of Epsom, and Hare at Dicker—the presiding patrons of which are respectively Mr. Douglas Stuart, the well-known "Turf Accountant," and the Editor of this journal, whose ever popular colours—vermilion and black jacket, white sleeves and cap—have always been to the fore in the winter sport. Each of these stables has kept its horses going, whilst most of the others have let their charges down, under the impression that there would be no winter racing. Here are my selections:

WEDNESDAY.

SPORTSMAN'S FLAT RACE.—*St. Eloi* (danger, *Princess Nathalie*),
VICTORY STEEPLECHASE.—*Saneso* or *Waverlree*.
CLIFF STEEPLECHASE.—*Castleton* or *Anbeg*.
CASTLE HURDLE RACE.—*Canule* (danger, *Wulpole*)
CLUB HURDLE RACE.—*Longerline*.
NEW YEAR STEEPLECHASE.—*Sergeant Murphy*.

THURSDAY.

VICTORY HURDLE RACE.—*Toadstone* (danger, *St. Tudwal*).
BROUGHTON HURDLE RACE.—*Carrig Park*.
JUVENILE SELLING HURDLE.—*Faustina* or *Kroonland*.
MANCHESTER STEEPLECHASE.—*Shaun Spadah*.
PEEL PARK HURDLE RACE—*Corydon*.
CANAL STEEPLECHASE.—*MacMerry*.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—
"Women were earliest at the poll . . . and at Wingates Warder have the honour of voting BEFORE the polling booths OPENED."

"MISSING HEIRS AND RELATIVES":—
"—— (Rev.——) who DIED in October, 1884, at Springfield, in the county of Fermanagh, may benefit by COMMUNICATING with ——"

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"The husband was divorced in 1915 by Act of Parliament under which all interest of the wife in the husband's FUN was extinguished."

"LOVE, THE TYRANT":—
"A decently-dressed WIDOW had just had her pocket picked . . . she had been deprived of her return ticket to Winchester, where a HUSBAND with a broken leg anxiously awaited her."

"DAILY COLONIST":—
"Saturday is the day allotted to the public to view the planets through the world's largest TELEPHONE in operation."

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST":—
"He had no knowledge that Ugly's EARS had STUCK and MARKED the look in his face."

"FOLKESTONE HERALD":—
"Mrs. —— as local Secretary for the National Society for the PROMOTION of Cruelty to Children, has forwarded to the Parent Society £47."

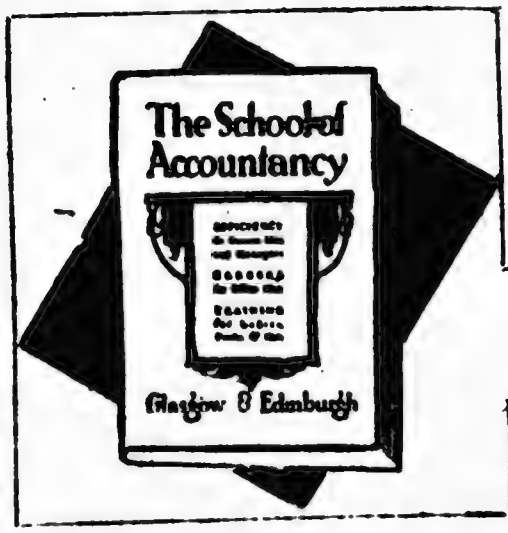
"BEXLEYHEATH OBSERVER AND DISTRICT TIMES" (advt.):—
"For sale. Some LAYING COCKERELS from 8 to 10 lbs., 21 each."

Do you want to Double your Salary?

THIS book tells you how you can do so by fitting yourself for the big positions, for the salaries really worth having. Send for a copy to-day; it is free and post-free as long as the edition lasts. It will put you on the right road to earning pounds a week more than you are getting now. Get a copy quickly!

Scores of others who were no better qualified than you are now earning double and treble what they used to get. They took advantage of the postal courses of the School of Accountancy; they were trained as

Managers, Accountants, Secretaries, Auditors, Cost Accountants, Organisers' Chief Clerks, Cashiers, Department Chiefs, and Chief Bookkeepers in Limited Companies, Corporations, Authorities, Public Undertakings, Institutions, and large Private Concerns.



The big positions in office control and business are won by men who have quietly trained at home in their spare hours under efficient guidance. The School of Accountancy offers this guidance to those who want to secure the highly-paid responsible positions. Its postal courses of study are adapted to the requirements of each individual. It finds out, first of all, what the student requires, advises him as to the course of study, then leads him step by step to the desired goal.

Don't be an underling any longer. Follow the example of those who have succeeded.

But the first step they took was to write for this Free Booklet. If every reader of "John Bull" wrote for it there wouldn't be enough to go round. So write for your copy to-day! You will not be under any obligation; you will not be bothered by callers.

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BUY NEXT WEEK'S
JOHN BULL
AND SEE

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—The Editor desires to thank the numerous readers who have sent him Christmas and New Year greetings—all of which he heartily reciprocates.

THE EDITOR'S ELECTION.—The Editor also returns sincere thanks for the many congratulations he has received on the result of the South Hackney election.

T. B. (Bedford).—So the audience cheered, did it? when in answer to the Coalition candidate's question, "Who is it who has done most for the heroes of the war?" a number of voices yelled out ——but modesty forbids the rest!

PTE. S. C. (28th Batt. A.I.F.).—Whoever has been telling you that Haldane has been "guaranteed a seat on the Peace Conference"? *We'll* see to that.

H. S. M. (London) AND OTHERS.—That question of the Envoy to Rome is a difficult and delicate one. But the Government defends it on the ground of War Emergency. Old "Dora" again, you see!

"VIEUX SOLDAT."—We do not think that the number and the length of attendances at the House is a good test of an M.P.'s usefulness. It is *what he gets done.*

M. W. (Leyton).—Believe us, we have been "watching" Holland for some time. And we have no intention of relaxing our gaze.

M. A. (Birmingham).—Did we make a speech in the Town Hall in the year 1915 or 1916? Most probably in both. We are very fond of Birmingham.

F. D. (Bungay).—Yes, somebody must have been pulling the Premier's leg when telling him that the total wealth of all Germany was £20,000,000,000.

GUNNER DE G. (B.E.F.).—"Buck up, for we're dying to have you as Premier." May you live long and die happy!

MRS. A. L. (Wyke).—"My husband always said you had some good in you." Your husband possesses perspicacity, insight, and correctitude of judgment developed to the *n*th degree.

A. D. (Bridlington).—Thanks for list of things you would like us to "put right." Be sure to mention it if you see us putting anything wrong.

F. L. R. (Royal Navy).—Your experience as an "absent voter" has been only too common, but your interests will be safe in the hands of the Member for South Hackney.

R. M. (Guildford).—As you say, we have been "put in" to the House of Commons, and between ourselves we shall take some putting out this time.

J. S. B. (Edinburgh).—The sentiment of your quatrain is flattering, but its execution almost merits your own.

"BLACK WATCH" (Maida Vale).—Our Tame Barber smiled a superior smile when we showed him your effusion, and remarked: "Not 'arf bad for a *hamerchewer*, guv'ner, and it don't put the wind up me neether. Ain't *hi*mitation the sincerest flattery?"

"RAILWAY WORKER" (Rotherham).—After his conviction under the Trading with the Enemy Act, Jonas of Sheffield was degraded from the degree of knighthood, and the retention of his former title for business purposes is a scandalous anomaly.

H. F. (Portland).—Much interested in your letter concerning the defenders of Gibraltar, and we note that you speak "for hundreds more." Our comps. to 'em all.

G. L. (Uxbridge).—As you say, when a man is too ill to go on parade he should at once receive medical attention. Let us hope our article may have the desired effect.

"ONE OF MANY" (Chester).—We note that you were disappointed at the Labour Exchange, "plus incivility." Some of these petty officials need gingering up both ends.

"PATRIOTIC" (Kingston-on-Thames).—We are keeping a sharp eye on the disposal of War Stores, and when we are really looking we don't miss much as a rule.

T. K. (Sheffield).—The test of spitting on the flag would be of no value. The average German would spit on his grandmother if he thought it would put sixpence in his pocket.

A. E. C. S. (Chichester).—"My sister says the Tommies she met in Belgium were always talking about a certain JOHN BULL, and the Colonel said he was the Soldiers' Friend." It is a wise Colonel who knows his own boys.

"JERSEY BOY."—Agreed that the military honours at the funeral of the three German prisoners were disgusting. "Why not quietly cremate them after death?" you ask. But why "after"?

F. B. (Mosboro' Dale).—Yes, but most pensions are for life; out-of-work pay is only for a few weeks.

"REGULAR READER" (Aysgarth).—Strange how so many people want to have Bloody Bill put in a show. We would not give twopence to see his ugly face—except at his trial.

S. J. (Whitstable).—You picked up an unknown airman who had fallen into the Channel, and "think there should be something for life saving." There is. You have the glorious knowledge that you saved life.

MRS. I. H. H. (Coulsdon).—We have received two parcels of dolls, with many thanks.

PTE. SKELTON (B.E.F.) would be glad to know name and address of soldier who early in November gave some of his blood for the inquirer's brother, Pte. Skelton, Northamptons, in France.

A. W. (Barracks, Dublin).—"Enclosed find poem. If you publish same, just keep my name off it." It is all written with a light lead pencil, scarcely decipherable, so we cannot make out why you are so ashamed of it.

A. Y. M. (Nat. Fed. D. S. S.).—You want to thank proprietors of Queen's, Poplar, for allowing a collection (£16) for Christmas Party for Fatherless Children. Here you are, then.

MRS. P. (Gorleston).—Oh, your poem! "So Coalition to win, Peace must be the end, Then demobilisation, Rush on with a swing." [Ten minutes' interval, while we search for a rhyme.]

"DOS" (Newport).—"When you return to the Talking Shop I hope you will do all in your power for Tommy and his dependents." That's us, all the time.

B.M. (London).—Glad to hear such a splendid account of the work of the Vicar of St. Peter's, Paddington—the Rev. W. Dobson. Good luck to him.

E. A. W. (Bristol).—Do we gather that you, who have so well done "your bit," are opposed to military drill for boys between the ages of 18 and 21? Surely not.

D.B. (Canterbury).—Quite agree that the Territorials, who joined up at start, should be amongst the first to be demobilised.

C. H. (Newcastle).—Sorry we cannot allow a further extension of time for the "J.B." Pen gift coupon. January 8th is the last day.

W. C. (Uddingston) would like to know the "approx. value" in minerals extracted by Germany from Alsace-Lorraine since 1870. We are more keen to know the "approx. value" in minerals to be extracted from Germany to pay for the war.

"THE KHAKI GIRLS" (B.E.F., France).—"What will be left for the W.A.A.C.s to do after the war?" Well, what did they do before the war? Anyhow, don't wear your shoes out unnecessarily by meeting trouble half-way.

R. A. W. (Hull).—As a respectable householder for 27 years, you were certainly entitled to a vote. You were also entitled to a drop of the best at Christmas, and we hope you got it.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLE" (Kidderminster).—Sorry you were "surprised and disgusted" at anything you read in our columns; but sometimes to print nasty things is the only way of making them nicer.

"CANADIAN SAPPERS" (Mons).—So the soldier in the picture paper was kissing, not his wife, but "a French girl at Valenciennes." Ah, well! the Peace will cover a lot of little things like that.

L. W. (Oxford).—Fancy sending us a letter covering 12 pages, and at Christmas time, too! Were you trying a new pen-nib?

MISS M. H. (Southampton).—We note that you hope very soon to see us "on the Floor." If you had not spelt it with a capital letter, we should have been compelled to report you to Lord D'Abernon.

H. H. H. AND OTHERS.—Counting Clerks are expressly forbidden to look at the numbers on the back of the Ballot Papers.

J. H. D. (Aylesbury).—Sorry if we have done that old "Curriculum" an injustice, but even you, as an experienced schoolmaster, think "too much is attempted, too many subjects dealt with, and not enough attention given to 'the three R's.'" Congrats. on your splendid war record.

R. G. D. B. (Erdington).—A motor-cycle with side-car can be licensed to ply for hire as a hackney-carriage. In country districts this should be a good tip, if the boys can get hold of the 10,000 motor-cycles not wanted now by the W.O.

G. S. P. (East Dulwich).—No objection to you getting up a subscription for Lloyd George if you want to. Start in your own street.

W. H. (Tonyrefail).—Want to buy Army horses? They are usually auctioned near the Army Veterinary Camps, the sales being advertised locally.

MRS. A. (Loughborough).—We always were, and always are, for temperance. But not for compulsory teetotalism. There's a big diff.

MRS. R. (Dinas).—"See to this matter; would like it to come out in your paper next week." Reminds us of measles.

MR. JOHN ROWLAND (82, Highgrove Street, Whitley, Reading), the winner of the £1,000 prize in our 312th "Bullets" competition, tells us that he is "a young married man, with one daughter, eking out a livelihood with his pen." At any rate, it moved to some purpose on this occasion!

J. J. (Blaenavon).—The man put in two panes of glass and charged you 5s. If that includes the glass, don't swear at him. It was cheap for nowadays.

C. L. (Leyton).—Why not send your old musical instruments and music to Mr. Hermann Darewski, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C., who will forward them to the boys occupying Germany, who are quite cut off from all places of amusement?

A. G. P. (Southampton).—Even a Monshero is not entitled to smoke in a non-smoking compartment, to the obvious discomfort of a lady passenger. *Noblesse oblige.*

"PRO-BRITISH" (Kildare).—Yes, Capt. O'Shea was M.P. for Clare, but why revive that hoary scandal? There are plenty of nice up-to-date ones in the newspapers.

J. B. (Hampstead).—Forgive us, but we are unacquainted with the "loafing, beer-sodden and generally worthless elements among our English working-class." You're rough on your pals.

DRIVER A. W. (France).—"Quite time we had a Business Government." So we think, and you will soon be hearing something.

E. G. (Bradford).—Afraid your soldier friend is not much judge of poetry, but probably he was all right at putting the wind up Kaiser Bill; so good luck to both of you.

J. H. (St. Albans).—Thanks for learned disquisition on trade and economics. Now quietly suck an acid-drop.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

A FEW MORE DAYS ONLY!

READERS ARE REMINDED THAT

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN GIFT COUPON

(VALUE ONE SHILLING)

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By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Cut this out and keep it for Reference.

Ministry G. R. *of Labour*

DEMOBILISATION

A HANDY GUIDE.

THE PLAN of the Demobilisation and Resettlement Department of the Ministry of Labour comprehends all classes of fighting men and all classes of war workers. Millions of men and women have to be placed in employment. Their qualifications, like their needs, are of an extraordinarily diverse character, and the task of fitting them into the fabric of the national life on a peace basis can be successfully performed only if there exists cordial co-operation between all parties concerned. Resettlement, indeed, is a national affair, and it is particularly important that the Worker should understand what he (or she) ought to do.

1. THE SERVICES:

If you are a miner, do nothing; the demobilisation of miners is proceeding.

If you are sick or wounded, get fit to leave hospital. That is all you need do.

If you were over 41 when you were called up under the Military Service (No. 2) Act, 1918, do nothing. Your demobilisation has been ordered.

If you are a pre-war Regular soldier forcibly retained under the Military Service (No. 2) Act, 1918, do nothing. Your demobilisation has been ordered.

If you are a student or teacher, do nothing. Your demobilisation has been ordered.

If you are an officer or a soldier or sailor or airman for whom a situation is waiting, fill up the Civil Employment Form which you will obtain from the Military, Naval, or Air Force Authorities—with the necessary particulars, and your Commanding Officer will send it to its proper destination. See *** below.

If you are the proprietor of a one man business, say so on the form your officer will give you. See footnote *** below.

If you are an officer or a soldier or sailor or airman who wants a situation, fill up a Civil Employment Form stating what kind of position you require. State also your qualifications for the position, and to what part of the country you would like to go. See *** below.

If you are an officer or a soldier or a sailor or airman who desires a particular employer to be approached, state the fact on the Civil Employment Form. See *** below.

If you want to take up a course of study or training, give particulars on your form.

In any case, if you are in any branch of the Services and want work, state the fact on the Civil Employment Form. If you have no definite post waiting for you here, state your occupation in civil life. Your Commanding Officer will see that the form is sent to the proper quarter.

If you are a soldier or an airman, the Out-of-Work Donation Policy should be handed to you at the Dispersal Station. If this is not done apply to the Employment Exchange.

If you are a demobilised sailor and want a policy apply to the Employment Exchange.

If your are a mobile member of a Woman's Corps—not an officer or an official—enrolled under one of the fighting services for the duration of the war, apply to the Employment Exchange for an Out-of-Work Donation Policy.

If on demobilisation you have no work to go to, call at the nearest Employment Exchange.

If you cannot get work, or, having got it, lose it again, you are entitled on certain conditions to the Out-of-Work Donation.

If you are a man, the rate of the donation is 29s. per week for a maximum period of 26 weeks during the twelve months following the end of your furlough.

If you are a woman the rate is 25s. per week for the same period.

If you have children dependent upon you 6s. per week for the first child under 15 years of age, and 3s. for each additional child will be allowed.

If you have served in the Army or Royal Air Force you are entitled to a special gratuity. The only exceptions are: (1) Conscientious objectors; (2) the medically unfit who were discharged within six months as unfit to be soldiers; (3) men in Class W released for civil work (for such time as they have been engaged on civil work at full rate of civil pay).

The gratuities are: Privates—£5 for the first year and 10s. per month after the first year for service overseas, and £5 for the first year and 5s. per month afterwards for service at home.

Corporals.—£6 (and 10s. per month after the first year) for service overseas; and £6 (and 5s. per month) for service at home.

Sergeants.—£8 (and 10s. per month) and £8 (and 5s. per month) respectively.

Warrant Officers, Class II.—£12 (and 10s. per month) and £12 (and 5s. per month) respectively.

Warrant Officers, Class I.—£15 (and 10s. per month) and £15 (and 5s. per month) respectively.

If you want work, go to the Employment Exchange.

If, however, you have drawn pay and Service pension concurrently the additions will be 5s. per month after the first year for overseas service, and 2s. 6d. per month for home service.

If your circumstances warrant, you can also apply to the Civil Liabilities Department.

If you are an officer or man on leave from overseas and you have an offer of re-employment from your pre-war employer, get the offer endorsed by the District Director of the Appointments Department or the Local Advisory Committee and take or send it to the appropriate authority (who will arrange for your demobilisation) according to the following list:

NAVY.—Officers: Admiralty (C.W. Branch), London, S.W. 1; other ranks and ratings, to your depots, or if not attached to one, to the nearest depot.

ARMY.—Officers: War Office; other ranks, to your Military Record Office. You must apply at least five days before your leave expires.

AIR FORCE.—Officers: Air Ministry; other ranks, to the Record Office, Blandford.

2. CIVIL WORKERS:

If you are a munition worker you are, generally speaking, entitled to one week's notice before dismissal or one week's pay in lieu of notice. If you should not get it, apply for a Complaints Form at the Employment Exchange.

If you are an enrolled munition worker to whom work has been assigned away from your home you may get a free railway warrant either to your home or to some other place of employment, on application to the Employment Exchange.

If you are a munition worker and have to find employment at some factory or workshop other than the one which has employed you during the war, register at the nearest Employment Exchange on Form E.D.404, which you can get at the Employment Exchange.

If you want work of any kind register at the nearest Employment Exchange on Form E.D.904.

If you are able to work and cannot get employment, you are entitled to Out-of-Work Donation, provided you are over 15 years of age and, if between 15 and 16, can show that you entered employment three months before Nov. 25 last, or, if over 16, can show that you became an employed contributor under the National Health Insurance Scheme at least three months before that date.

You can get your Donation Policy at the Employment Exchange.

The rates of donation are:

Men over 18—29s. per week (or 4s. 10d. per day).
Women over 18—25s. per week (or 4s. 2d. per day).
Boys between 15 and 18—14s. 6d. per week.
Girls between 15 and 18—12s. 6d. per week.

Supplementary donations of 6s. in respect of the first dependent child under 15 years, and 3s. for each additional child under 15 will be paid to men and women.

If you are under 18 the donation will be paid on condition that you attend at a Juvenile Employment Centre where such a centre has been established.

The donations are payable for a maximum period of 13 weeks out of the six months following November 25, 1918.

If you are a woman munition worker employed away from home you can obtain a free railway warrant either to your home or to a new place of work. Go to the Employment Exchange for it.

If you are going a long journey consult, two or three days ahead, the Welfare Supervisor at your factory or the Employment Exchange.

Remember the Employment Exchange is the place to which you should go for information, for work, for Out of Work Donation.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN WORKER WHO CAN AFFORD TO STAY AT HOME INSTEAD OF WORKING, IT WOULD BE PATRIOTIC TO DO SO, AND SO LEAVE THE FIELD OPEN TO THOSE WHO HAVE TO WORK TO EARN A LIVELIHOOD.

There is much scope for voluntary work in the places of public health and recreative education for those women who are not compelled to work by economic reasons.

"ONE MAN" BUSINESSES.—Application on behalf of the proprietor should be made on Form D.E.20, which is obtainable from the Local Advisory Committees attached to Employment Exchanges.

*** If you receive an offer of employment direct from your former employer and you decide to accept, take the offer to your Commanding Officer, who will register you for early release on demobilisation, provided that the offer has been endorsed by the Local Advisory Committee or the District Director of the Appointments Department.

To All whom it may Concern:

Please bear in mind that the Employment Exchanges form the link between all those who want work and all those who offer work. By helping the Employment Exchanges you are helping in the task of Resettlement. It is the business of the Employment Exchange, with the aid of its associated Local Advisory Committee, to meet your requirements if you are an employer or an employee. Will you make it your business to see that the Employment Exchange is supplied with all the information you can give as to present or prospective needs of the labour market.

Issued by the Department of Demobilisation and Resettlement, Ministry of Labour, 8, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, S.W. 1.

BULLETS

1ST PRIZE £200

2ND PRIZE £20

£10 3RD PRIZE

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s.	25 PRIZES OF 10s.	200 PRIZES OF 5s.	1,000 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.	3,000 SPECIAL "TARGET" PRIZES.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example: Tommy's Home. Bullet:—For Good, We Move. Example:—Promising Member. Bullet:—Before The Election. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated Jan. 25th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 315.

WHAT BOTTOMLEY STANDS FOR	WILSON'S TASK	TOMMY'S HOME	THE NEW PARLIAMENT	THE GERMAN EAGLE
A BUSY BEE	FOURTEEN POINTS	WE ALL WISH	PROMISING MEMBER	MUST PAY
AFTER THE HOLIDAYS	A NIGHT OUT	A PRIZEWINNER	NEVER TROUBLES FATHER	LABOUR TROUBLES
CURSING GERMANY	GOOSY TRAPS	HARD TO PLEASE	THE SPEAKER	RAPOO
A PRETTY PICTURE	A BAD HABIT	TURNING OVER NEW LEAF	MAKES A DIFFERENCE	IN LONDON
NEVER FORGOTTEN	A BIG LIE	A GOOD WIFE	PANTOMIME JOKES	SLAMMING THE KAISER

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 9th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(315) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

OR IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 9th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(315) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 315. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.
Write Competition in top left hand corner of the envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 316

DUTCH COURAGE—WHEN IN DOUBT—PRODIGAL SON—PLAYING THE SLOWN—WHEN TOMMY'S DISCHARGED—WHAT A SURPRISE—OUR WOMEN—PUSHING THE PRAM—RING OFF—WHEN PRICES FALL—SHOCKING BEHAVIOUR—COUNTING THE COST—COOL CHEEK—JUST AS GOOD—BEGINNING WELL—FATHER AND MOTHER—HAPPY COUPLE—WEIGHING THINGS UP—ROARING TRADE—DROPPING THE KAISER.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JAN. 16th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **316** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 316,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for competition **316.**

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being clever sense, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Mr. H. Fox, 61, Pollard Street, Kettering: Reeds Hanging—Nelson's Signal—Peace Conference.
Mr. T. Smith, 50, Wheeleys Rd., Edgbaston: Changing His Job—Airman "Takes Up" Commerce.
Mr. W. Artis, 38, Chandos Road, East Finchley, N.2.: A Hard Lesson—Indispensable's Boss Prefers Lady.
Pte. P. O'Leary, B Coy., Connaught Rangers, Dover: Election Issue—Profiteer "Gets Own Back."
Mr. W. Shrives, 43, King St., Maidenhead: This Christmas—"Business's Holiday" No Joke.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 313th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. ERIC TYSON,
17, Shakleton Road,
Earlsdon, Coventry.

Example:—Socialism.
Bullet:—"Dividing" The Country Already.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. S. D. BRIMMELL,
Holmleigh, Launceston.

Example:—Army of Occupation.
Bullet:—Evidence Germany "Cannot Resist."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. G. YOUNG,
28, Goodwin Road, Lower Edmonton, London.

Example:—Germany's Punishment.
Bullet:—"Fine"—And Large.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. K. Wright, 77, Tolworth Park Road, Tolworth, Surrey: Germany's Punishment—"Blow" The Pacifist Regrets.
Mr. G. T. Candy, Luckington, Coleford, Bath: Feeding Germany—"Fools Enough" For That.
Mr. H. Forrest, 77, St. John's Rd., N.: Socialism—A Dud Aladdin's Lamp.
Mr. T. Martin, "Hillcrest," Arklow, Co. Wicklow: Army Of Occupation—"Put It Across" Germany.
Mr. J. R. Summers, 47, Wallington Road, Portsmouth: Costly Game—Reducing Armaments Before Germany.
Mr. W. Lowe, 62, Frederick Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham: Changing His Job—"Very Frequently" Causes Trouble.
Miss H. Oliphrunshaw, 59, Airlie Gardens, Glasgow: Feeding Germany—We've "Spared" Her Enough.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. A. J. Cousins, 49, Chapel Street, Irlam, Manchester: Feeding Germany—After Starving "Better Men."
Mr. R. Airey, 17, Bellerby Terrace, West Hartlepool: A Hard Lesson—France Learnt—Afterwards Taught.
Mr. S. Keyes, Park Terrace, Walgrave-on-Sowe, Warwickshire: Good Business—Importing Tommies, Exporting Huns.

10 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

Mr. G. Y. Boulton, 75, Blythe Vale, Catford: My Sweetheart Likes—Pretending She Doesn't.
Mr. A. Sharkey, 21, Brookfield Road, S.C.R., Dublin: A Good Customer—Coal Merchant's Making Me.
Mr. W. J. Gething, "Ranelagh," Church Crookham, Hants: Man To Vote For—Made Sacrifices, Not Profits.
Mr. E. Hunt, 43, Montagu St., Swindon: Promised Land—An Candidate's Eye.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. E. M. Eldridge, 114, Broomwood Road, Battersea, S.W.: Under Pressure—Germany Can "Produce" Anything.

WHY TIRED FEET?

When the **ARTHRI Foot Support** gives absolute support to the instep and relieves all pressure on the heel when standing. Absolutely soft and warm—these anatomical insoles can be worn in any boot or shoe. A boon to all who have to stand long hours. They entirely banish tired, dragging feet—and enable you to finish the day with a light, elastic step. IDEAL FOR FLAT FEET.
Mention size of boot when ordering. PRICE

ILLUSTRATED FOLDER FREE. **2/6** a Pair

Write for Illustrated FREE Folder, which fully explains this simple but wonderful invention. *Trade Enquiries Invited.* Post Free.

M. FISH, 19, Champion House, Aldersgate St., LONDON, E.C.1.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Skirts, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY TERMS J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

If this meets the eye of any REPATRIATED PRISONER of War who appeared in a photograph reproduced in the "Daily Sketch," "Daily Mirror," and "Daily Graphic," of November 25th last, taken at Tournai about middle of November, will he please write to Mr. Waller, 10, Warrington Road, Croydon.

GRASP CATESBYS—LINO OFFER NOW.

Every housekeeping woman should know it is still possible to obtain Catesbys Cork Lino—the essential floor covering for warmth—on moderate-priced cash terms or by small easy payments. It is to your interest to write for patterns and prices at once. They're Free if you mention this paper.

CATESBYS Ltd. (Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

VITADATIO RATIONED.

Owing to difficulties of obtaining shipping facilities from Australasia for the supply of the present Herb Harvest, the manufactured supplies of this

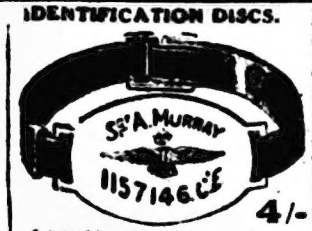
GREAT AUSTRALIAN REMEDY MUST BE REGULATED.

The present ADVERTISED SELLING PRICES, namely, 1/3 2/6 & 5/- per bottle—from Boots, Taylor's and most Chemists and Stores, or post free from the VITADATIO AGENCY, LTD., 13, Park Square, Leeds—

WILL REMAIN, THE SAME.

REGULATE YOUR ORDERS.

IDENTIFICATION DISCS.



9ct. Gold .. 21/- Silver .. 5/-
Gold Filled .. 6/-

4/-

For Wrens or W.A.A.C.S. Tommies or Jacks.

HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any Crest, complete with strap. Thus will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.

SIMS & MAYER (Dept. J.B.) Walter House, 52 Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

THE WORLD'S NEWS AT YOUR FINGER TIPS IN

National News

The ONLY Independent Sunday Newspaper.

12 PAGES.

SECRET NEWS—THEATRES
PICTURES—SPORT
HOME PAGE.

1½d.

THE TREMBLING HAND.

A Sign that your Nerves are in Trouble and your General Health Low.

If your hand, your thumb or foot trembles when you try to hold it still, if your writing is shaky, if you have tremors of your lips or chin, your nerves need strengthening.

Unless something is done, you may easily become the victim of neuralgia, sciatica, neurasthenia, partial paralysis, or any of the severe nervous disorders.

There is no tonic for the nerves that is not a tonic for every other part of the body. There is no form of debility that does not rob the nerves of nourishment. The remedy, therefore, for nervous breakdown is a tonic that will build up the general health, revitalise the blood and enable it to carry to the starved nerves the elements they need.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic for all nervous people of both sexes, being far more valuable than any mere stimulant. To-day is the best time to begin them; and remember to ask the dealer who supplies you for Dr. Williams' only, because substitutes are useless.

FREE.—Write a postcard to the Post Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, asking for a most useful booklet containing useful information on the home-treatment of nervous disorders.

Sir Lordly Loaf.

Sir Lordly keeps for days at least
Because he's raised on Calders Yeast.

Calders Yeast

CALDERS YEAST CO., LTD., Newington, S.E.

Freemans
FOOD PRODUCTS
DEVONSHIRE **CUSTARD**

YOU can transform even the plainest pudding into a rich appetising sweet if you serve it with Freemans Custard. Like all the other good things which come from Delectaland, Freemans Devonshire Custard combines the most delightful flavouring with important food properties and the highest nutritive value. As delicious as home-made custard—but costing less—it is made more quickly. Served hot, it is most delicious.

A HEALTHY BABY!

Is what you want YOUR child to be.

Sample Free.

'COW & GATE'
PURE ENGLISH
MILK FOOD
In POWDER FORM
"Babies Love It."

A perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. Saves the lives of delicate infants.
Invaluable to increase and maintain the maternal supply. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

BOON TO MOTHERS.
NOTE THE NEW PRICES:- Blue label for infants from birth to 6 months), 3.6 & 5/6.
Pink label (for Infants from 6 months), 3/- & 5/6.
Sold by all Good Chemists and Stores.
Free Sample on receipt of Two Penny Stamps from Sole Manufacturers:
THE WEST SURREY CENTRAL DAIRY Co., Ltd. (Dept. 12), GUILDFORD, Surrey.
B.D. & Co.

Through Hail, Rain, Frost & Snow

No matter what the weather, duty must be done, and should be done cheerfully and with a smile.
Every minute of the day disease germs are awaiting a chance to enter into the defence put up by the throat.
Therefore always keep handy a box of Evans' Pastilles and suck one whenever there is the slightest danger.

EVANS' *Pastilles*

The effective precautionary measure that the medical profession recommends against Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc. Have one in your mouth when in crowded places, and send another to the "Front." Evans' Pastilles are on Active Service with our troops.

1/3 per tin

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, LTD.
56, Hanover Street - - LIVERPOOL.

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.
You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

Venereal Disease, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Frederick Bridge, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda: Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E.

"Many sufferers from Venereal Disease have an absurd fear of going for treatment. They are ashamed to tell the doctor, or they are afraid that friends will get to know. But doctors are concerned with cases, not with blame. Their job is to get cases well; that is all that interests them professionally. At the Venereal Clinic a case is treated with as much care as with a private doctor. At the Hospital one merely goes to the Out-patients' Department Entrance, so that no one need know what is the matter.

It is mere folly to "dread the ordeal." The thing to dread is the awful consequence of neglecting the disease. It is of the utmost importance to undertake treatment *at once*. Every hour's delay means that the disease gets a firmer grip upon the system.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the Local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt as to what they should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 51, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

LOAN-DUPLOYAN
LEARNED IN 10 LESSONS.
Highest Speed. Legible as print. 200 words per minute in 6 weeks. Handbook and Lesson Free.
Shorthand Association, Ltd., 153 Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.
Telephone Holborn.

PITMAN'S SHORTHAND

THIS CORSET SENT YOU FOR 1/-

The Ambrose Gold Medal Health Corset will give you comfort, grace and lasting satisfaction. From a Health point of view the Ambrose Corset is pre-eminent. There is no other Corset like it.

The full price of the Ambrose Corset is only 8/11, but all I ask you to send is a P.O. for 1/-. The Corset will be sent by return and the balance of 7/11 may be paid in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-, whichever you prefer.

Simply cut out this advertisement, fill in size of waist required, over Bust, Hips and Waist, give your full name and address and enclose just 1/- for this Shilling. If on approval does not please you it may be returned and your 1/- will be refunded at once. You have the advantage of this offer only and immediate use of the Corset. Don't miss this opportunity. Send your order to-day.

Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 276, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, LONDON, S.W.1

BEACON OILSKINS

Send Postcard now for the Art Booklet of Weather Comfort to
SANDOUBS Ltd.,
61, Beacon Buildings, SOUTH SHIELDS, England.

POCKET LIGHTERS.
Spirit Pattern 3/6 & 3.9 each.
Tinder Pattern 1/6 & 1/9 each.
(TAX Paid)
Plate round or square, best quality, full size, 3½ inches, 12 to dozen, 3 dozen 3s. Long pattern 1s. each, 2 for 3s. 6d., dozen 6s. Spare wheels, springs, sticks, etc.
(J.B.), ARMOURY
41 Newington Butts, London, S.E. 11.

HOW EVERYONE CAN RESTORE GREY HAIR.

A NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. Gratis "Test" Treatment for All who Desire to Restore Youthful Hair Colour.

1,000,000 COMPLETE "ASTOL" OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE.

THERE is a wide gulf separating grey-haired women (and men, too) from those around them.

"Grey-haired" is a stigma unpleasant to experience. Thousands to-day bear the sign of old age, without the least need to. For grey hair has been conquered by the discovery of a wonderful new preparation, which is not a dye or stain, but actually, when applied to the hair, restores its true, original colour *within* the hair.

To women, particularly, who are grey, or turning grey, and who feel that, whilst so many men are keeping fit and well trained in the great British Army, they are getting older, this great discovery will appeal.

AVOID DYES AND STAINS.

No woman of refinement cares to use a messy, harmful, hair poisoning dye or stain. Rather would she face age-giving greyness.

"Astol" is her great opportunity to restore her grey hair to its natural colour by a simple "Few-Minutes-a-Day" method, which never fails.

"Astol," as the evidence of a number of Society men and women who have used it conclusively proves, will immediately restore your lost hair colour.

This statement you are invited to test free of cost or obligation.

CONTENTS OF "ASTOL" FREE TRIAL PARCEL.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Astol"—the new scientific preparation which, applied for a few minutes to the hair in the morning, immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour. It is perfectly harmless, does not stain bed-linen, hats, etc., and is not a dye or stain. "Astol" re-builds the hair pigment on [illegible]

2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."

3. A copy of the interesting book "Hints for the Grey-Haired."

Readers will learn with interest that the discovery of 'Astol' is due to the inventor-discoverer of 'Harlene Hair Drill,' and the hundreds of thousands who have adopted

this "Back-to-Youth" Astol method are now congratulating themselves that they have taken years from their appearance, while greatly beautifying their hair.

ASK HARLENE TO DEMONSTRATE TO "ASTOL."

no matter what is the cause of your greyness, whether it arises from effects of illness, worry, overwork, or from the natural advance of years. Even at 50 or 60 the pigment cells of the hair can be revived—and "Astol" will do it, for it has been proved beyond question in thousands of cases to be the unfailing remedy for greyness, from whatever cause arising.

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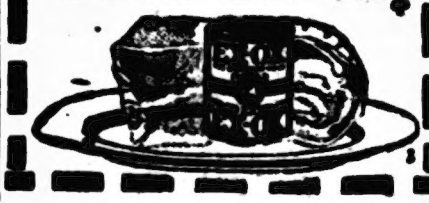

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